

The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 15.

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The Week.

THE public debt, on the 31st of August, stood at \$2,757,689,571; on the 30th of September, at \$2,744,947,726; showing a comforting decrease of more than twelve and a half millions in a single month. We have reached apparently the financial limit between peace and war, and if the rate of retrogression from the latter is contained in the first backward step, we shall have extinguished a hundred and fifty millions in a twelvemonth. The reduction of interest in these thirty days was more than \$500,000.

THE Democratic party in this State evidently made a great mistake when, looking about for a general for the governorship, they made their platform so easy to swallow. For they might have had General Slocum on much easier terms than they have offered. He is not only, he says, opposed to negro suffrage, but he is opposed to all interference on the part of the Government between the freedmen and their late masters. He wants the Freedmen's Bureau abolished, General Howard and his agents recalled, the troops now at the South withdrawn, and the whites left to deal with the blacks as they please, provided always that they abolish slavery. This is more than the platform called for. He adds that it is entirely untrue that he was "annoyed" when the President overruled his order breaking up the standing militia. He was delighted with it. He thought the calling of it out a good thing, but was under the impression that the Government would not allow it. It is true that, in his order prohibiting it, he declared that most of the outrages which occurred in the State "were committed on Northern men, Government couriers, and colored people, and not on Southerners, and that the militia were filled with prejudice against the colored troops, against the execution of the orders relative to the freedmen, and even against our Government itself." It is also true that "he now heartily approves of the removal of the troops from Mississippi, and most earnestly hopes that within thirty days every soldier now on duty there will be mustered out of the service, and that all attempts to interfere in her local affairs will cease." Some evil-minded persons will doubtless find some difficulty in reconciling all these statements. But the explanation of the contradictions which they contain is perfectly simple. When General Slocum was in Mississippi, he was General Slocum; now he is the Democratic candidate for the governorship of New York, and goes about in company with that well-known patriot, Horatio Seymour. Some unscrupulous wag at the recent meeting at Syracuse presented Mr. Seymour with a bouquet made up to represent the national colors—red, white, and blue.

THE Congress of Berne has found an echo in Boston, where, on Wednesday of last week, a society for the promotion of social science was formed at the State House, with Gov. Andrew in the chair. Not only is this movement a sign of the return of peace, but the names of many of those who were prominent in it remind us that they were unjustly charged before the war with being men of one idea, who could neither think nor talk of anything but slavery. We believe that they were sincere when they replied that they wished for nothing more devoutly than an end of "agitation." Happily the association was made national and not local. Its object is "to guide the public mind to the best practical means of promoting the amendments to the laws, the advancement of education, the prevention and repression of crime, the reformation of criminals, the adoption of sanitary regulations, and the diffusion of sound principles on questions of economy, trade, and finance, with special attention to pauperism and the topics relating thereto." The division of topics is contained in the following list of officers:

President: Professor Wm. B. Rogers.

Vice-Presidents: For Department of Education, Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill; Sanitary Reform, Dr. Samuel G. Howe; Social Economy, Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey of New Haven; Jurisprudence, Professor Francis Lieber of New York.

Directors: Education, Rev. Erastus O. Haven of Michigan; Sanitary Reform, Mrs. Samuel Parkman, Jr., of Boston; Social Economy, Edward Atkinson of Boston; Jurisprudence, Hon. Emory Washburn of Cambridge; Library, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall.

Treasurer: Charles H. Dalton.

Corresponding Secretary: Samuel Eliot.

Recording Secretary: Frank P. Sanborn of Concord.

Special Secretaries: For Department of Education, Hon. Joseph White of Massachusetts; Sanitary Reform, Dr. James C. White of Boston; Social Economy, George Walker; Jurisprudence, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight of New York.

The annual fee of membership was fixed at three dollars, after signing the constitution; life-membership, at fifty. At the afternoon session Mr. W. P. Atkinson presented his views on education, and the Hon. Amasa Walker discussed the national finances. The date of the next meeting was left to the discretion of the executive committee.

THE Count Joannes has offered his professional services to General Robert E. Lee, to defend him in case he is tried for treason, and the general has written "gratefully accepting them." This incident will lead the public to desire more than ever to have the great rebel brought to justice, in order to enjoy the Count's forensic exertions in his behalf. The most illustrious of modern traitors, defended by the most notorious of "common barrators," would form a spectacle unequalled since the trial of Warren Hastings. If Jefferson Davis does not retain the Count also, before the Government buys him up, he must be tired of life.

GENERAL BANKS has returned to Massachusetts, and by special invitation he addressed the citizens of the great manufacturing town of Lawrence on the important question of reconstruction, last week. He spoke at length, and took ground in support of "radical" doctrines. Respecting negro suffrage, he said: "The question was, whether it was possible to prevent the negro from voting. And he had no hesitation in saying that it was not in the power of man to prevent the extension of the franchise to the black laborers of the South. We must accept this result as one of the inevitable events of the future, and prepare the emancipated for the exercise of the powers which they are eventually to have. This preparation could be made only by those who had fought for the Union and sustained the Government, and to them the negro would look for it." He said, too, that if political power at the South were given to the rebels, the result would be the destruction of

free institutions and principles. If given to the masses of the people, with such support as Government could extend to them, the result would be the security and perpetuation of free institutions and the maintenance of the rights of all classes of our citizens. In speaking of military matters, he alluded to the taking of Port Hudson, and declared that but for the colored troops the Union army would not have been successful at that place. General Banks, it is supposed, will be a candidate for the office of representative from the Sixth Congressional District of Massachusetts, a vacancy having been made there in consequence of the appointment of Mr. Gooch, who was chosen last year to the place of Naval Officer of the port of Boston.

UNION COLLEGE, which is situated at Schenectady, has heeded the very profitable discussion concerning classical and scientific education to which Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet gave so vigorous an impulse. It has recently established two baccalaureate courses for the election of students, equal in length and designed to be fully so in amount of study and value of discipline. The classical course replaces the ancient with the modern languages, with an enlargement of mathematical and English studies. We believe that the college will be sustained in its liberal experiment, and that it only needs to produce good fruit to effect the desired revolution in all similar institutions. It is a curious fact that the late Dr. Wayland, who died at Providence on the last day of September, and who, a graduate of Union College in 1813, returned to it as a professor in 1826, and was for twenty-eight years president of Brown University, advocated this elective system as early as 1842, in a work entitled "Thoughts on the Collegiate System of the United States."

ONE of the final acts of the Alabama Convention was to approve, provisionally, the arrangement which Gen. Swayne and Gov. Parsons had made in regard to negro testimony in civil courts, of which the justices serve as agents of the Freedmen's Bureau. Gov. Sharkey has proclaimed his acceptance of Col. Thomas's proposition, by which the civil authorities relieve the Bureau of cases involving the rights of freedmen, on condition that the mode of procedure shall be according to the laws now in force, except where they make distinctions of color. The blacks are to be protected in person and property, can be sued and have the right to sue, and may be competent witnesses conformably to the rules of evidence. Gov. Marvin, in a recent speech at Quincy, Florida, boldly asserts that the new constitution "must declare that persons of color shall be admitted as witnesses in all the courts of civil jurisprudence. The law, in this respect, must have no distinction of color." This has not been exceeded, even by Gov. Hamilton of Texas. But Gov. Marvin takes pains to deny that the negro is constitutionally a liar, and refers to his experience of thirty years at the South, part of which were spent upon the bench, and in which he had been satisfied that the slave had often told the truth while the master had lied. He had often deplored the cheating of justice by the exclusion of negro testimony. "Keep the negro out of court, and what chance has he for justice?" he asks, and answers: "Just none at all." If the constitution fails to incorporate this reform, the governor holds that it would not provide a republican form of government, and he would be content to see it rejected, on that account, by Congress. Gov. Brownlow, in his message to the General Assembly of Tennessee, on the 2d, recommends that body to revise the entire State code, and adapt it to the requirements of freedom. Especially does he urge the propriety and necessity of admitting the freedmen to the courts, contending that much of the repugnance to their admission is the result of education and habit. "In short," he says, "let us demand for this long oppressed race the protection and enjoyment of their liberty." The governor's remarks on negro suffrage are distinguished by great candor, outgrowth from old prejudices, and undoubted sincerity. We should like to reproduce them entire, but can only give their substance. He argues the case for Tennessee alone, and concludes that Congress has no authority to determine the qualifications of suffrage for that State. He thinks that one of the great results of the rebellion will be the bestowal of the franchise upon the freedmen, but the time has not come when this ignorant population can safely be entrusted with the ballot.

Nevertheless, there is a class of them whom he would be willing to see vote at once. Furthermore:

"I am free to confess that if it become necessary to enfranchise the blacks in order to keep the control of the country out of the hands of the rebels and traitors, I am for the measure. And when the nation finds that all its liberality and offers of pardon to rebels are in vain, it will take steps to give suffrage to the blacks, and I shall cordially approve the act."

The governor shows the absurdity of that unchangeable hostility to the measure which is so often avowed, by recalling the practices of various States, North and South, in times within easy memory. We commend this sentence to "A Yankee" correspondent of the *London Spectator*:

"All this outcry against a negro voting in any contingency comes from a lingering sentiment of disloyalty in the South, added to ancient prejudices, and to the savage instincts inspired by this institution in connection with the rebellion."

Colonization is alluded to, and a scheme similar to Gen. Cox's suggested. Gov. Brownlow would either avenge the boast of Texas, that slavery could never be abolished, by confiscating her rebel lands, buying out the loyal, and planting the freedmen upon them; or have the Government "clean out" Mexico for the same purpose, since "the advent of Maximilian into Mexico was a part of the rebellion."

"But if the colored man, after looking over the whole ground, shall still ask to stay in the land of his birth, to till the soil and labor in the workshop, and to fill positions of usefulness under the bright sky that smiled on his infancy, I say, in all conscience, let him remain."

Let us notice, as pertaining to the message rather than to the theme with which we started, the governor's appeal to the Assembly to stay the great flood of intemperance which has swollen with the war until it now threatens to swamp the morality of the State, and which daily imperils the lives of its citizens, and of all who travel in its public conveyances.

WE read somewhere, a few weeks since, of the introduction on a Western railway of a contrivance for taking up and depositing the mail without checking the speed of the train. If we remember rightly, the invention was said to be of English origin. On the ninth of last month, this apparatus, which is ascribed to the ingenuity of the post-office in Wigan, Lancashire, failed lamentably to work in the case of a bag containing the northern mail, which was torn apart, and discharged its letters not quite as contemplated, for most of them were so mutilated that neither contents nor address was legible.

WITHOUT approving of strikes in general, one might be pardoned for rejoicing at the combination of theatrical managers who have withdrawn their patronage from the *Herald*. Mr. Maretzek found his controversy and separation a very decided gain; and when the editor, still ruffled, doubtless, by the impresario's attacks, turned Mr. Barnum out of his columns from private spite, he found that he dismissed at the same time a number of managers who made common cause with the showman. To which demonstrations the *Herald* replies as usual that it makes enough money to snap its fingers at public opinion.

BISHOP WILMER, of Georgia, being unable to pray for the President and all in civil authority, so long as the Federal troops remained in the State, and having advised the clergy of his diocese to join him in omitting this prayer, he and they have been suspended from their functions until they come to their senses. They are forbidden, by an order from Major-Gen. Woods, to preach or perform divine service, and their churches are closed till they manifest symptoms of repentance, and a sincere return to their allegiance.

MR. BLAIR has replied to Mr. Holt's defence, but fails to weaken it materially, even by repeating the charges of his Clarksville speech. He dwells longest, and, as he imagines, most damagingly, on the private letter to a clergyman in the crisis betwixt secession and the outbreak of the war. It is safe to affirm that Mr. Holt would never be guilty of such folly again, but it is now clear it was only folly, and not complicity with the rebellion. Good and loyal men, who were under the spell of slavery, were made to act very ridiculously and (let us confess to Mr. Blair) very dangerously from nervous excitement and dread

of the impending conflict. Mr. Holt did desire, in order to avert war, the repeal of the personal liberty laws, and such concessions to slavery as would practically have nullified the voice of the dominant party at the polls. But a man could do this honestly and ignorantly without treasonable intent. His characterizing the abolition agitation as "infernal," together with the demands upon the North just mentioned, were familiar to the thoughts and lips of every Southerner, of high or low degree, including those whose champion Mr. Blair assumes to be against the radicals—the loyal majority who were dragooned into rebellion. Yet their undeniable sentiments in regard to the Republican party, its platform, its chosen candidate, its legislation against the spread of slavery, might as well be quoted against their natural fidelity to the Union as against Mr. Holt's. Where, too, shall we stop if we rake up the records of even four years ago? What confidence could we have in the President, whose speeches on the floor of Congress in the midst of the secession excitement cannot safely be quoted now for the vanquisher of slavery and the doctrine of State supremacy, or for the successor of Abraham Lincoln? We would not say that these reminiscences ought not to temper our judgment of the character of our public men, and make us cautious in trusting them. But it is ill to taunt those who have made indubitable advances towards the right with the mire they have left, rather than to welcome their arrival on *terra firma*.

THE Louisiana Democratic Convention met in New Orleans on the 3d. They approved of the President's policy, a white man's government, compensation for losses by emancipation, a general amnesty and restoration of property, and organized opposition to the radical Republican party. They also renominated J. M. Wells, the present governor. On the same day the State election took place in Mississippi, quietly. Gen. Humphreys was chosen governor over Judge Fisher, though he is really ineligible to office, because he never was pardoned. A Union representative was returned for the Fourth District. The North Carolina Convention assembled on the 2d. It did nothing till Friday, when it declared that the secession ordinance of May 20, 1861, "is now, and at all times ever hath been, null and void." On Saturday it abolished and prohibited slavery.

THUCYDIDES tells us that one effect of the Greek seditions and intestine wars was to change the accustomed value of words and give them arbitrary significations. Thus, blind fury was called good partisanship; prudence, specious cowardice; and so on. Such transformations may have been a novelty in the days of the ancient historian, but they are common enough now. Sometimes they give rise to queer mistakes in the interpretation of literature not so very far removed from our own generation. A slight change in the force of one little word ("rake") has induced superficial critics to charge Pope with a malignant libel on all womankind. Sometimes we see the alteration taking place, as here in New York the term *alderman*, once a title of respect, is now rapidly becoming synonymous with *thief* or *scoundrel*. Perhaps the most striking metamorphoses take place (for obvious reasons) in words denoting political differences and social distinctions. The latter especially are apt to be modified in passing from England to America, from a country where the lines of social demarcation are rigidly drawn to one in which they are somewhat confused. By the next century certain English words expressing class distinctions may very possibly reverse and interchange their meanings altogether in popular and conversational American, as they have already done partially. *Gentleman* may come to mean a rude, dirty, and illiterate individual; *perfect gentleman*, a ruffian or alderman; *man* or *fellow*, a respectable and well-informed person; *snob*, a highly refined and accomplished man. Such change would, of course, be hastened if Great Britain were meantime annihilated by the Fenians, the Panama Canal, or other agency. And should this seem to any one a farcical exaggeration, let him reflect on the changes, equally fundamental, which we have undergone in our political vocabulary. Can there be a more complete revolution in meaning than that by which, in forty years, the word *democrat* came to mean on this side of the Atlantic an upholder of oligarchy and slavery? In Europe it still retains its original meaning, because no European democrats ever tasted the sweets of power long enough to substitute organization for

principle. The moral of all which is, that the study of words, which some educational reformers affect to despise, often becomes a matter of much practical importance.

OUR account of Gen. Howard's tour of inspection in Virginia left him in Richmond, on his return from Gordonsville. He immediately visited Petersburg, to meet the Mayor, Common Council, and prominent gentlemen of the city; afterwards met at Norfolk the local authorities and those of Portsmouth; and in both instances explained the objects of his Bureau, asked for co-operation, and expressed his peaceful desires for the people of the South. Crossing over to Fortress Monroe, he visited Hampton, in company with Gen. Miles, riding about the town to the various negro localities, and ascertaining their condition and needs. In this vicinity are several thousand negroes, mostly the wives and families of soldiers now serving in Texas. Gen. Howard returned to Washington on Saturday, Sept. 30.

Major Miller, of Gen. Swayne's staff, was sent, it will be remembered, on a tour of inspection through the western part of Alabama, the scene of reported outrages on the freedmen. He left Mobile on the 8th of September, with one company of mounted infantry. The next day he arrived at Mount Vernon, a neighborhood in which the freedmen were doing well: they were remaining at home, and were generally contented. They mostly work for a portion of the crop, varying from a tenth to a fourth, besides food, clothing, and quarters. At a meeting of the principal planters, Major Miller made known the object of his mission. Near McIntosh's Bluff, he saw by the roadside a new-made grave, and learned that it contained the body of Dr. Grierson, a Union man, and a leading citizen of Washington County, who had been basely murdered a few days before. Efforts had been made by his neighbors to arrest the murderer, but without success. The northern part of the same county is in a deplorable condition. Crops are worthless, and lawless bands of men go about robbing and taking life. Within fifteen miles of St. Stephens, a fortnight before, a negro, formerly the slave of a Mr. Fletcher, returned to the plantation to get his wife. He was resisted by his late master, who shot him, and afterwards cut off his head. A military force sought to arrest the barbarian, but he eluded their pursuit. Affairs in Choctaw County were also found in an unsatisfactory state. Few are willing to accept the issue of the contest. "I should exaggerate little," remarks the major, "were I to say I met many who hardly knew the war was ended." In Clark County, the negroes were for the most part prospering and contented. At Grove Hill, the capital, he received promises of aid from several gentlemen of standing, among whom Judge Beltes, of the Probate Court, was particularly hearty. Here the civil government is running very smoothly; all of the officers are qualified, and profess a desire to second the efforts of the general Government in reconstruction. At Claiborne, the exhibitions of disloyalty were so open and aggravating that the major with great difficulty prevented an outbreak between his escort and the citizens. Some fifteen miles further on, his wagon-master was shot dead by two ruffians on horseback, at a house to which he had gone for a drink of water. His wagons were scarcely out of sight when the murder was committed. The perpetrators could not be traced. Major Miller says that the returned Confederate soldiers are the best men he found in the district traversed; they are generally supporters of the Government.

Gen. Howard is so well satisfied with the condition of the freedmen and refugees in Missouri that he has given orders for the withdrawal of the officers of the Bureau who are now in that State. Gen. Sprague will leave St. Louis for Little Rock, Arkansas, where he will make his headquarters.

Gen. Fullerton, of the office in Washington, and Brevet Brig.-Gen. Strong, the Inspector-General, have started for New Orleans, to investigate the freedmen's affairs in that city. Gen. Howard has undertaken another tour of inspection, which will embrace most of the Southern States, and will last a month or six weeks.

Gov. Parsons' opinion of the Assistant Commissioner for Alabama is given in these words:

"I take pleasure in assuring you that the administration of Gen. Swayne has been eminently satisfactory. In the execution of his orders, and in the solution of the many perplexing questions which are constantly presented to him, he has exhibited a wisdom, a consideration,

and a delicacy which have obtained, to a remarkable extent, the confidence of the people."

It may not be generally known that the Government has established in Washington an intelligence office for freed people. It is in charge of Capt. W. F. Spurgeon, and has already done much good in getting employment for the idle. For the ten days ending Sept. 30, he had one hundred and twenty-nine applications for employment, of which sixty-seven were filled. A similar office was opened in Alexandria on the 2d, and had business the first day.

Circular No. 16, issued from the Bureau Sept. 20, does not concern the general public, as it consists of directions for the keeping of accounts by assistant commissioners and their subordinates.

A circular letter of Oct. 4, from the same source, is as follows:

"State laws with regard to apprenticeship will be recognized by this Bureau, provided they make no distinction of color, or, in case they do so, the said laws applying to white children will be extended to the colored.

"Officers of this Bureau are regarded as guardians of orphan minors of freedmen within their respective districts.

"The principle to be adhered to with regard to paupers is, that each county, parish, township, or city shall care for and provide for its own poor.

"Vagrant laws made for free people, and now in force in the statute-books of the States embraced in the operations of this Bureau, will be recognized and extended to the freedmen.

"Assistant commissioners will draw up specific instructions applicable to their respective States, in accordance with the foregoing principles."

THE Emperor of Austria, in a manifesto dated Vienna, Sept. 20, admits the ill-success of his endeavors to unify his realm by his diploma of Oct. 20, 1860, and his patent of the following February. The lesser Reichsrath has not been attended by certain provinces, and therefore has failed to accomplish its constitutional design. The Emperor now suspends this body altogether, in order that he may lay before the Hungarian and Croatian Diet the diploma and patent for their acceptance, it being, as he observes, "judicially impossible to have one and the same definition a subject of debate in one part of the empire, while in other parts it is treated as an imperial law, binding upon all." The French press continues to make the convention of Gastein its chief topic of discussion. Circular dispatches, addressed by Earl Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the diplomatic agents of England and France respectively, have been published. They are of the same tenor, and were evidently concerted. They pronounce the partition of the duchies to be simply an act of violence and conquest, in defiance of all law and in defence of none, unmindful both of the interests of Germany and of the duchies, whose wishes were either not consulted or arbitrarily disregarded, and altogether a proceeding "that finds a precedent only in the most deplorable ages in history." The feeling excited by the death of the servant Otto, who was killed quite wantonly by the Count d'Eulenburg, at Bonn, Rhenish Prussia, about the middle of August, still prevails. The Mayor of Strasburg, to which city Otto, who was a French subject, belonged, addressed a note to M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the 5th of September, setting forth the local indignation at the manslaughter, and the subsequent liberty accorded to the count by the Prussian Government and courts, apparently because he was the nephew of the secretary of state. The French minister replies that he had already instructed his ambassador at Berlin that the Emperor would not suffer this crime to go unpunished, and that he has written again to be informed of what is being done in the case. The official excuse is that both parties were intoxicated at the time, and exchanged blows with the admitted effect. The Russian Government has taken an important step towards centralization or the homogeneity of its diverse parts. By an imperial ukase, the locality now occupied by the Cossacks of Orenburg is transformed into a simple "government," or, as we should say, county, like those into which Central Russia is subdivided. The political significance of this change lies in the fact that the Cossacks have hitherto been indulged in their republican, communistic autonomy, in return for their devotion to the empire and their prompt furnishing of contingents for the grand army. The Cossacks of Orenburg have been least independent, or have fewer traditions of independence, and the Government therefore makes the experiment with them, with the view, not concealed, of extending it to

their brethren of the Don and the Black Sea if it proves successful. The law which mitigates the censorship of the press in Russia has two provisions which detract greatly from its seeming liberality. The minister of the interior is empowered, of his own authority and without assigning a reason, to forbid a newspaper to insert announcements, and to withdraw from it the right of receiving its exchanges from abroad without censure.

M. ROGEARD, who improved the holiday granted by despotism to letters to indite the "Discourse of Labienus," and was obliged to quit France for Belgium, has been disturbed even in that retreat. His new offence consisted of a satire, "Pauvre France," which seems to have piqued the Belgian Government as much as it rasped its neighbor. Here is a passage from its preface:

"I detest the French Empire, because, like all monarchies, and more than any, it leans upon the seven institutions, the seven scourges of modern society, which cause populations to live and die, the seven cursed columns of the accursed edifice, and which are the permanent army, salaried clergy, irremovable magistracy, centralized administration, the police, prostitution, and organized pauperism."

When the order to leave the country within twenty-four hours was communicated to Rogeard, he published this declaration:

"I have defended liberty of conscience in France; I have defended it in Belgium; I shall defend it everywhere and to the end, to the extent of my power. I received this morning a royal decree, deliberated upon by the Council of Ministers, by which I am arbitrarily expelled from Belgium. I declare that I shall remain in Belgium, in my dwelling. I declare that I shall protest against this arbitrary conduct by all the means that shall be at my command; that I shall await the employment of public force; that I shall not leave, save at my own time; and that I shall only yield to violence. I consider that I have a duty to fulfil toward the Belgian people, and I shall fulfil it. I have a debt of gratitude to discharge toward Belgian public opinion. I desire to declare this publicly, and if I cannot hope to pay it, I wish at least not to be considered ungrateful. I shall, therefore, do what I ought for the cause of liberty in all countries, and what I owe to hospitality in Belgium. I shall resist arbitrary proceedings, and shall protest in all form, and shall not leave until I am arrested."

On the evening of the 14th ult., a popular gathering in sympathy and protest took place before his residence, and was addressed by the courageous pamphleteer. Nevertheless, at five the next morning, the police had conveyed him to the station and packed him off to Germany.

FRENCH mechanics have given their English fellow-craftsmen a second "Gladiator" defeat. The Government of the grand duchy of Baden issued proposals for forty-six locomotives. An English offer was received to build them at 70,720 francs a piece; another, from Baden itself, at 55,720; and a third, from the works at Graffenstaden, in Alsace, at 45,000. The job was divided between the two latter, and the English competitor got nothing.

THE serious theatrical disturbances at Lyons have been somewhat epidemical. Even in Paris, a mob was inclined to be boisterous and disorderly because Thérèse, the ill-favored, unmusical pet of the pot-house and the *salon*, did not answer promptly their summons: "*A la porte!*" A sergeant of gendarmes restored their humor by vociferating "All those who want to hiss *here* will please go elsewhere!" At Avignon, the municipal authorities have regulated demonstrations in the theatre in a truly novel way. During the performance, applause alone is permitted. At the close, the audience will be "invited" to express their opinion. The manager, list in hand, will pronounce the names of the actors, and await the verdict of the spectators, which must be confined to hissing, if unfavorable, and last no longer than five minutes.

THE proprietor of a publication in the West writes to us that "he would like to be able to use a notice of his paper from THE NATION," and enquires "whether we cannot give him a lift." This is an excellent expression of the current notions of the functions of a critic. Flattering as the request may be, we are compelled to refuse compliance. We don't pretend to be able to give anybody "a lift" in THE NATION. When we see authors and editors "lifting" themselves, we call the attention of the public to the fact; and in like manner, when we see them floundering in the mud, we feel it our duty to mention it, even at the risk of hurting their feelings.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE CONNECTICUT VOTE.

As it was only by the most extraordinary exertions on the part of the Republicans that Connecticut was prevented from throwing its weight into the scale on the side of the rebellion during the war, the result of the vote on the amendment to the Constitution need not surprise anybody, and has, we think, surprised nobody very much. In fact, the interest with which the result was looked for was due mainly to the fact that her notorious weakness on the whole Southern question, and the bad eminence she has won in times past by her devotion to Southern ideas, would have given any testimony that she might render on behalf of justice and right an unusual value. If she, who was the first to imitate South Carolina in her repudiation of democratic principles, had, on Monday last, frankly acknowledged her error, of course it would have done more than any other event which is now likely to occur to strengthen the hands of those who seek to reconstruct Southern society on the basis of human equality. But her failure to do so has certainly been no great disappointment to those who are familiar with her antecedents. Why it is that Connecticut, with all her advantages, historical, mental, moral, and material—furnishing, as she has done, so many distinguished names to the roll of American worthies—should as a State have displayed so much tenderness for most forms of legalized rascality, and should have so large a proportion of her population bitterly hostile to liberal ideas, is a question we have never yet heard satisfactorily answered, and is one of the most inscrutable problems of American politics. Her action last week will unquestionably strengthen the hands of those who desire to see the South back in the Union on any terms, and who care not what form of polity Union covers. It will help to confirm the President in his determination, if he has really formed one, to carry out his present plan, and will throw into the ranks of the party of caste that large horde of political "bummers," whose great object is, in every contest, to be on the winning side, and who would clamor as loudly for including horses in the basis of suffrage as they now do for the exclusion of negroes from the polls, if they thought that measure likely to secure a majority. But for all that, Connecticut has not done half as much mischief by voting nay as she might have done good by voting yea. In other words, she is not half as formidable as an enemy as she might have proved valuable as a friend.

The Connecticut majority may congratulate themselves, too, on having furnished the enemies of the country abroad with that very ammunition of which, since the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, they have stood so sorely in need. Some tangible, formal evidence of the hypocrisy of Northern professions of respect for human rights is the very thing they have been seeking in vain, and in the Connecticut vote they will certainly flatter themselves that they have found it. The delight with which the declaration of the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, that the best people at the North held the negro in "unutterable loathing," has been received by the Tory press in England, may help to furnish an idea of the joy with which they will hear of the declaration of a New England State that a man is not fit to vote in our model republic, no matter what his mental or moral qualities may be, if his skin be dark. The "effete and bloated aristocrat," whom we are so much in the habit of lecturing upon his pride, prejudice, and selfishness, may certainly take courage and hold up his head, when he finds that so large a body of good New Englanders are ready to retain in their polity a distinction a thousand times more odious and absurd than any which European aristocracy has yet ventured to establish. The motives which actuate a "gentleman" in withholding a share in the government from a laborer may be defended by arguments; but when Connecticut democrats bestow the

citizenship on the stupidest and dirtiest and most ignorant white men that come in their way, while withholding it from the most respectable and intelligent black, they are able to boast that they have hit upon a form of injustice so utterly absurd as to save them the trouble of defending it.

For the wrong done to the Connecticut negroes, in this matter, we care very little. Their number is small, and many of them, doubtless, feel themselves to be amply compensated by their exemption from taxation for their exclusion from the honor of citizenship. The positive loss and damage to individuals that would have resulted from the collection of the ship-money, the enforcement of the stamp act, or the legalization of general warrants, would have been very trifling. And yet there has never been a generation of our race who would not have died to the last man sooner than submit to any one of them. For the objections, too, of those who shrink from negro suffrage on account of negro ignorance, there is much to be said. And it is, therefore, not as the advocates of negro rights that we deplore what has just occurred; it is as the advocates of democratic principles. Our political system can, in our opinion, stand foreign war, domestic treason, the march of time, almost every agency, in fact, under which other empires have crumbled; but it cannot and will not resist the open repudiation of its vital principles by those who live under it. The deliberate adoption by the people of the United States, we repeat, of the doctrine that an accident of birth, or appearance, ought to exclude a man from civil rights, is a virtual surrender of the democratic idea itself.

This unpleasant fact is now glossed over or hidden altogether by the general contempt for the negro; but the negro has in reality, *quoad* negro, very little to do with the matter. The important point in it is that, in shutting him out for a physical peculiarity, and refusing to allow him by any exertion or acquirement to cure this defect, if defect it be, we broadly deny that all men are equal, or fit for self-government, or entitled to it, even under the most favorable circumstances; we assert that the government ought not in all cases to rest on the consent of the governed; that it may be seized and held by a class of the community, and that this class may be distinguished from the rest simply by birth, or complexion, or social position. Now this is the English, Prussian, or Austrian idea of government; it is certainly not the idea we have been preaching with such tremendous power of lungs for the last half century, which we have been abusing old Europe for not adopting, and of which we have been lustily proclaiming ourselves the champions for the last four years. We are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that the Earl of Derby or Herr von Bismarck might state his argument against the extension of the suffrage to the lower classes in England and Prussia in the same terms, *mutatis mutandis*, in which an able American conservative now states them against negro suffrage.

There is one consolation, however, of which no majority by which any form of wrong may be supported can in this age of the world ever deprive those who love principles—and who believe, as we believe, that it is only by faithfully seeking and firmly grasping them that salvation can ever come either to men or nations. It is, that in our day neither custom, nor privilege, nor oppression, no matter what shape they may assume, can take up any position impregnable to free speech. Against this neither legislation, nor majorities, nor armies, nor fleets will avail. We have at last got it in America. Now, for the first time in our history, there is no corner of the Union in which a man may not speak the thing he wills. If we can but keep this weapon in our hands, we shall as assuredly break down aristocracy at the South, and break down class feeling here, as we broke down slavery; and even if it were wrested from us there, we still should never despair as long as we retained it at the North. Our triumph may be more distant than we imagined it to be, but it is sure. The President, and Congress, and State conventions, and "leading statesmen" can do much, but they cannot put the conscience of the nation to sleep. Christianity has not yet done for the modern world all it ought to have done, but it has at least conferred on it a moral sensibility to which the ancient world was a stranger, and which, amongst us, renders long protracted injustice impossible if justice can raise its voice.

DECREASE IN THE PUBLIC DEBT.

SECRETARY McCULLOCH's official schedule of the public debt of the United States to 30th September exhibits the first positive decrease in the grand total since the beginning of the troubles of 1861-65. The amount is now twelve and a half millions less than at the close of August, and \$255,000,000 less than the three thousand millions which was generally esteemed a few months ago the minimum total on the settlement of the war. The figures were:

On August 31, 1865,	\$2,757,689,571
On September 30, 1865,	2,744,947,726
Decrease,	\$12,741,845-

On the present settlement, the unpaid requisitions on the Treasury amount to only \$1,220,000. On the conclusion of the war in May they were \$40,150,000. The balances then in the Treasury were \$25,148,702; they are now \$88,977,230.

The actual decrease in the public debt in September, in the face of continued heavy payments in settlement of the closing expenses of the war and the disbanding of the army, is mainly due to the large internal revenues of the month and the receipts in gold from imports; the latter being so far in excess of the wants of the gold interest charge on the public debt that they were converted into currency by the sale of \$12,000,000 or \$15,000,000 gold in the open market. We should not make haste to congratulate the country on the arrest of the public debt in August, and its first evidence of decrease in September, if we had reason to suppose that any considerable claims against the Government had been postponed, or their audit at Washington purposely delayed; but the evidences of the promptness, and even anxiety, of the Secretary on these points are all against any such suspicion. Nor should we rejoice so soon at these results, if we had reason to believe that the October receipts from taxes and customs would fall off so materially as to render it impracticable for the Secretary to make an equally good exhibit at the end of the present month. The evidences of the first week in the month are in the opposite direction. The internal revenues continue to pour into the Treasury at the rate of \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 per day, and the gold customs of the first week are over three millions of dollars, equal to nearly \$4,500,000 in currency. The November interest on the public debt being already anticipated, the Secretary will, no doubt, continue his sales of gold until the close approach of the first of January, when the next installment of gold interest falls due. And altogether we regard it as quite certain that another moderate reduction on the total of the debt, and a *very considerable curtailment of legal tender paper*, will appear on the succeeding schedule.

The Secretary has wisely, we think, initiated a policy of funding, and thus directly contracting the compound and other interest-bearing notes, authorized as legal tender currency; the sum total assigned to the present month being *fifty millions*, of which ten millions have already been deposited for exchange or funding into gold-bearing 6 per cent. U. S. 5-20s at the rate of 103 per cent. In addition to this process, the sum of five millions in ordinary greenbacks was withdrawn from circulation in September, and a like sum is probably contemplated in the present month. These beginnings of curtailment in Government paper, together with the gradual withdrawal of the old local bank paper-money, will, it is believed, soon more than qualify the growth of the national bank currency, which was designed to supersede all local bank paper, as well as to facilitate the ultimate withdrawal of Government greenbacks, after the necessities which gave rise to legal tender shall have been altogether removed by the near approach to the nominal specie standard of the country.

On this last point, we believe the purpose of the Secretary is to move with deliberation as well as on sound conservative views. There must be a large amount of funding into permanent public stocks before his action can be made wholly free by the removal of his temporary obligations in the shape of circulation, certificates of indebtedness and deposit, and to this end he must have the assistance and support of Congress in the institution of an ample and comprehensive system of finance and taxation, looking to and fully authorizing a consolidated public debt, bearing no higher uniform rate of interest in gold than

five per cent. There is only one class of United States 6 per cent. stocks now outstanding which will not authorize such a consolidation in from two to eight years from the present time, and this class is of the 6 per cents of 1881, amounting to about one-tenth of the present total of the public debt, or \$282,746,000. Of the other 6 per cents, \$514,780,500 original 5-20s can be redeemed in gold, or reduced to 5 per cents, at any time after May 1, 1867. And of the 7.30 per cent. Treasury notes convertible into 5-20s, \$300,000,000 will be redeemable after August 15, 1872; \$300,000,000 after June 15, 1873; and the remainder, \$230,000,000, after July 15, 1873.

PRUSSIA.

POLITICAL events in Prussia have lately attracted public attention. Their importance is ordinarily either undervalued or overrated, owing to the limited interest taken in the historical antecedents out of which they have grown, and by which alone they can be justly appreciated.

The war of 1813 to 1815 raised all the issues now occupying the political mind of Prussia. The people learned to feel their power. They had risen to expel the invader in answer to an earnest appeal dictated to the stolid king by his energetic counsellors. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, a second appeal called forth another effort, equally successful. Prompted either by policy or by gratitude, he issued, on the 22d of May, 1815, a formal promise of a constitution, in acknowledgment of the services of his subjects.

This promise he failed to perform, alleging, first, that the people who had bled to uphold his throne were not ripe for constitutional liberty, and, afterwards, that they had done their simple duty, and merited no reward. But, incautiously or unavoidably, he gave a mortgage to secure the ultimate execution of his contract. In funding the national debt, in the year 1820, he laid it down as an article of compact with the fundholders that new loans should not be made, nor the annual budget increased beyond the sum of fifty-five millions of thalers, without the consent of the popular representatives. For years the limit was not exceeded; but subsequently the greater development of the national resources, especially since the adoption of the Zollverein (1833), swept over the ancient landmarks; at the king's decease the annual expense of government exceeded by twenty per cent. the maximum fixed by his own edict; but he preferred suppressing the budget to making good his word.

This strait-laced, spiritless drill-sergeant, the roughness of whose manner had given him a sort of popularity in spite of the palpable obliquity of his moral sense, was succeeded, in 1840, by his son Frederick William IV., a product of the perverted intellectual tendencies of the nineteenth century, a scheming Puseyite in religion as well as in politics, filled with admiration of Gothic architecture and pre-Raphaelite paintings, bent upon the restoration of the mediæval estates of the realm, and progressive only in his aversion to the humdrum of the absolutistic bureaucracy. A man of some humor and wit, and of erudition almost beyond his powers of intellectual digestion, good at an after-dinner speech, and covetous of personal applause, he would have made his mark as a private citizen. Vain, effeminate, uncertain of purpose, feeble of will even to cowardice, artful, faithless to his ministers, and inexhaustible in projects, which always failed, he received from his brother-in-law, the Emperor Nicholas, the sobriquet of "Widow Cliquot"—felicitous not only because he loved the wine, but because he was lacking in manhood and manliness. His efforts to embellish his capital, to restore the fortunes of impoverished families, to complete cathedral churches, and to rebuild the castles of the Rhine, involved expenditures which his bankers at length prosaically refused to defray. As a last resource for raising money, he issued the patent of February 3, 1847, uniting the "estates" or feudal representative assemblies of the separate provinces into a single diet, which he affected to regard as not only competent, under the edict of 1820, to authorize new loans, but also as qualified to disarm the political opposition which could no longer be safely disregarded.

The new king's own coronation oratory had done much to draw off the attention of aspiring Germans from the problems of Hegelian speculation to the political issues of the day. The celebrated "Four Questions" of Dr. Jacoby, of Königsberg, a noble champion of popular

rights, who is at this present writing imprisoned for having advised his constituents to refuse the payment of taxes unconstitutionally imposed, fell like a bomb-shell into the still life of Prussian office-holders. They asked why the constitution, to which the people had acquired a vested right by virtue of a solemn compact made in the hour of danger, was not accorded in the hour of security. The cry was eagerly taken up by the liberal press; the ranks of the opposition were swelled from day to day; and, in a few years after 1840, a great liberal party assembled around its standard the great majority of the industrial and working classes, of the civil functionaries, and of the aspiring talent of the country. In the view of these men, it was a grave question whether the patent of 1847 ought to be accepted in fulfilment of the royal pledge or repudiated as an evasion of it. Henry Simon, a judge of very high standing, passed judgment upon the measure in saying, "If a child ask his father for bread, will he give him a stone?"

No sooner was the diet organized than the king discovered that he had sowed the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind. Though composed of country gentlemen, farmers, crown ministers, and public functionaries, the majority asserted a right to grant or withhold taxes, and to adopt or reject the budget. While the crown was struggling to extricate itself from this new dilemma, the revolution of 1848 swept over the continent. After a battle of two days in the streets of Berlin, the king succumbed to the popular demands, which, however, were confused and ill-digested. A legislative assembly was convoked; but the new ministers, selected from the industrial classes and the gentry, feared the popular passions and the socialistic vagaries naturally promulgated on all hands, more than the absolutistic tendencies of the king and the reactionary hankerings of the aristocracy. Thus their influence became subservient to the design of the latter, and offered no resistance to the *coup d'état* by which the king dispersed the assembly and forestalled the adoption of the new constitution. The dissensions between the middle classes and the working-men prostrated them at the feet of absolute power. The reaction spread over all Europe. The election of Louis Napoleon and the overthrow of the Hungarians restored the equanimity of the European cabinets, and once more arrayed them in solid phalanx against the progress of liberty.

Even the constitution violently imposed by Frederic William in December, 1848, was found to be too liberal for the times, and was supplanted by another proclaimed in January, 1850, which is nominally still in force, and is worthy of its origin. Administered for a number of years by a ministry headed by Baron Mannteufel, it ushered in one of the most ignominious periods of Prussian history. Chained to the car of Russia, and degraded to the rank of a third-rate power, the government expended its energies in endeavoring to eradicate the self-government of the towns and communes, the freedom of the press and of public assemblage, and every vestige of the revolutionary era. State sophists and schoolmen, some of them, like Stahl, being converted Jews, labored to explain away the remnants of constitutional rights, and to inculcate an unquestioning obedience which knows no personal responsibility, and reposes implicit confidence in the superior wisdom of those in authority. Thus the pretence of constitutional government became a mere farce. The democratic party, by refusing to vote, on the ground that the constitution was a mere arbitrary edict, binding on no one, unwisely played into the hands of the government, and enabled the latter to pack with its dependents the popular assembly, which thus received the appellation of the "Landrathskammer" ("Chamber of Prefects"). The political degradation was aggravated, or at least made the more apparent, by unprecedented prosperity in all commercial and industrial pursuits; absorbed in the pursuit of gain, the middle classes were callous to the humiliation of Prussia during the Crimean war. The reaction was at its height when, in the fall of 1857, a softening of the brain extinguished the erratic genius of the Prussian king. Was it a physical process or a physiological development? Was it remorse, or was it simply the running to seed of a diseased organization? Frederic William, himself averse to military life, was yet so far entangled in the military traditions of his family, that he imagined himself to be Sergeant Lehman of the Guards, unsuccessful in the effort to pass an examination for a lieutenancy, and wandered about the garden of Sanssouci muttering: "Lehman, Lehman, you ought to be ashamed of

yourself." He died on New Year's day of 1860, three years after the government had passed into the hands of his brother William, as regent. Of the career of the latter we shall speak hereafter.

LEGAL FICTIONS.

NOTHING has been more remarkable during the war than the rapidity with which "legal fictions" sprang up as the strife progressed. Generally the sword tears all the lawyer's fine-spun webs to pieces, and lays the naked facts of the case before the world, but our war has furnished an exception to the rule. When it broke out, there was a vague desire at the North to strike the enemy in some way or other through slavery; but everybody was afraid for a long time to say so. In 1861, he who talked either of taking away the slaves of the rebels, or even of not returning them if they ran away, incurred imminent risk of being considered a fool or a "vandal." In the midst of the general perplexity came General Butler, and covered himself with glory, and diffused general comfort through the community, by pronouncing the negro "contraband of war." To have retained a runaway as a man would have shocked everybody; but to retain him as "matériel" satisfied all consciences. Everybody knew it was a fiction, the humbug of the thing was transparent; but if the general had discovered the art of shooting round a corner, he could not have filled the public with greater envy and admiration than that excited by the invention of this potent phrase.

When the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, it gave a prodigious impetus to fiction-mongering. To have said openly and frankly that it was desirable to abolish slavery because slavery was a sin and a curse to the community—a constant source of danger and corruption—would have thrown thousands into convulsions. So, long and elaborate pamphlets were written to show that the Southern negroes stood in the position of mules and oxen, and that when Mr. Lincoln sought to take them away from their masters, far from being guilty of using his power to give freedom to slaves, he was simply depriving the enemy of so many head of cattle, which, as a general, he had a right to do.

A little later, it became necessary to try a number of great scoundrels for frauds and other offences calculated to diminish the efficiency of the army. For some reason or other, it was found disagreeable to say that the country was under martial law, so it was pretended that all contractors, and even all persons who sold anything to the Government, newspaper correspondents, and such like, were in the naval or military service of the United States, and therefore subject to trial by court martial, no matter where they exercised their vocation. We remember last winter hearing "a rising young lawyer" produce before a large audience a little fiction, which for rare and curious workmanship could hardly be matched out of China. In order to make the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward liable to trial by court martial, he laid it down that anybody who attacked a military officer of the United States in time of war became, *ipso facto*, amenable to military jurisdiction. Mr. Seward was a military officer of the United States, inasmuch as he countersigned "orders" of the President, who was commander-in-chief, *ergo*, etc.

Mr. Seward himself, with the lawyer's habit of mind still strong upon him, occasionally turns out a fiction himself which may compare favorably with the best efforts of the profession; as when, the other day, he denied that the Confederate Government had ever been a *de facto* government, because the United States had always refused to "recognize it" as such. Now, a fact is a fact, whether it be recognized or not; and if the rebels were able to raise armies, and fight battles, and collect taxes, they were *de facto* a government, though the whole of the rest of Christendom were to swear they were not. This may be unpleasant, but it was still a fact. If a man meets a drunken vagabond of a relation in the street, he may "ignore" him, but the rascal still remains in the flesh, and preserves his consciousness.

The latest and perhaps the best of all the fictions is the doctrine that the President is, in all his doings at the South, acting strictly in accordance with the law as laid down by the Constitution. This was invented by the conservatives for the purpose of bringing the radicals to confusion, by holding them up to the world as law-breakers or coun-

sellors of law-breaking. The proposition that the Southern States should for any purpose be treated as conquered territory has accordingly been denounced as monstrous, the fact being that President Johnson's whole plan of reconstruction is based on the assumption that they are conquered territory. The real difference between him and his opponents is not as to the nature of his power, but as to the use he makes of it. There is no such officer as a "provisional governor" known to the Constitution of the United States. There is no machinery provided by the Constitution for imposing upon States "that have never been out of the Union" conditions of their re-admission to it. The notion that Mr. Johnson cannot interfere with the suffrage in the revolted States is pure double-refined fiction. "Fines and recoveries" were nothing to it. He is interfering with it for every purpose he pleases.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION FROM GERRIT SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In your number of 21st instant, I see that you suppose me to be one of those who formerly held that "Congress could interfere with slavery in the States." I do not recollect that I ever so held. My doctrine was that slavery, the superlative piracy of earth, is not, and cannot be, LAW; that every Federal judge should, on occasion called for it, say so; and that the Federal Executive should sustain him in saying so.

There were but few with me in this doctrine. There are more now; and I shall yet be in the majority. Mankind will yet scout the idea that LAW—the most sacred of all sacred things—can give shelter to the greatest of all crimes. LAW, in whose presence all should reverently kneel, is now, alas! but little better than contemptible. Thus it will continue to be as long as slavery, which is worse than murder, shall be held to be capable of legalization. LAW will be a curse so long as the mass of men shall look upon it as the possible protector and upholder of the hugest lie and the intensest wickedness. It will be a priceless blessing when they shall see that, from its very nature, it must be, in all times and in all places, nothing else than the shrine and defence of truth and justice.

GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, Sept. 29, 1865.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XIII.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 22, 1865.

HAVING determined to ride across from Charlotte to Raleigh by the country roads, it became necessary to retrace my steps for twenty miles, and pass again through Concord. An hour before I reached the village it was dark, and most of the houses were closed; but the stillness of the night, as I turned into the main street, was broken by sounds of loud singing that proceeded from the county jail. The words were those of a hymn, and the singers were evidently negroes. Going on to the hotel, I found two or three Federal soldiers in the office, who were regarded with no very friendly eyes by some citizen loungers, and I at once surmised that election day in Cabarrus County had not passed in perfect quiet. "Any disturbance here on Thursday, sir?" I asked the landlord. "No," he replied; "seen as much fifty times before. Always some whiskey out election times." In the dining room, eating a late supper, was a citizen of the town whose acquaintance I had made when here before, and of him I made the same enquiry. He said there had n't been no great trouble; not as he knew; some o' the black ones made a difficulty, but nobody was hurt. There war n't nothin' like what they 'd hed in Charlotte, and up here in Salisbury. Forenoon, election day, they run all the black ones out o' Salisbury. He 'd heerd the Yankees jined in, and they made a reg'lar cleanin'. I told him he must be mistaken so far as concerned Charlotte, that the election had been conducted very peaceably; and a soldier who had entered the room remarked that he had come from Salisbury on the evening of Thursday, and that no riot had occurred up to the time of his departure. This contradiction was not very well received, and I afterwards heard him repeating his story of riots in other counties to listeners who appeared not ill pleased at the information.

"How did the trouble begin, sir?"

"The commencement of it? I don't know much about it anyhow; I

did n't see it all myself, but I 've been told that the black ones was crowdin' down round the well, and a young man here in town told 'em to leave that and they would n't go, so he threw some water on one fellow, and that was what commenced it. The niggers was stubborn and sassy; come up, some o' 'em, with sticks; looked like they was ready prepared."

"Was there any shooting?"

"There was one man by the name o' Smith, he's a Yankee too, I see him shoot once; yes, I believe he shot off two barrels, in the squar', but his pistol war n't loaded with ball, nothin' in it but blank cartridge. I see the sheriff start for him, and I run along too, so 's if the sheriff wanted any assistance, but before I got out thar whar he war at, I see as many as eight or ten or a dozen o' the niggers comin' over with rocks and sticks. I turned round to them, and told 'em to drap the rocks. They did n't do it, though they stood, so I drew out my pistol and told 'em agin, 'Boys, drap them rocks,' I said, 'or I 'll blow out your damn brains, some o' you;' and then they put 'em down. Well, a crowd came up by that time, and the niggers was run out o' town, and made a scatterment. That 's all the shootin' I see."

"I suppose the negroes carried the news to Charlotte?" "No, up to Salisbury. They went up that same evenin', and I heerd they told the Yankees that we 'd killed two niggers and wounded seven, and the fight was still going on when they left. But both o' 'em 's known, and if they told any such story as I heerd say they told, they 'd better look out. That 's the great trouble with the niggers, they tell too many lies to the Yankees, and the Yankees believe 'em. Let a nigger tell a lie on me; tell lies, and get me up before the Yankees. First nigger does it, I allow to shoot him. Yes, I do; I 'd hate to git into trouble on account of a nigger, nor I don't want to make no trouble with 'em nuther, no more 'n with a white man, but they must n't lie on me. Their freedom 's made 'em so sassy there 's no livin' with 'em. I heerd that some o' 'em 's been sayin' the niggers 'll rule the day here within two months' time. I just want one to say that to me. The niggers that talk like that 'll git killed certain; the people won't stan' that kind o' talk."

A little negro boy, a servant in the house, gives quite another account of the riot. He says that Mr. Worden, an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, was expected to address the colored people at Concord on Thursday, and that a great many had come in to hear him, but that always on election day it has been customary for the negroes to have a holiday, and to watch the voting. He seems to have been too much frightened to observe the events of the riot with accuracy, and was inclined to "allow that all the black ones the sheriff put into the jail would ha' been done hung if the Yankees had n't come down." He is quite positive that the white men began the fray, and that the knocking down of an old negro was the signal for a general assault by about thirty men on all the negroes present. He speaks of one negro whose arm was broken by a pistol bullet, and of several who were badly beaten.

GOLD HILL, N. C., Sept. 23, 1865.

This morning I found the provost-marshal of the district in Concord collecting evidence relating to the riots, and preparing to make arrests. Captain Littler was aided in his investigations by Captain Freeman, of the 128th Indiana Vols., who had been for some years a detective officer in his native State—and I was amused to observe the zest with which he resumed the pursuits of his old profession; his keen enjoyment of the chase being tempered only by some natural regrets that he could not work up the thing in a citizen's dress, but was obliged to show himself in uniform. From these gentlemen I learned that the news of the fight, if it can be so called, was first taken to Salisbury by one of the county officers, who, several days previously, had been charged with the duty of laying before the military commander a petition of the magistrates of Cabarrus that a Federal garrison should be permanently maintained in the county. The provost-marshal had already obtained sufficient evidence to justify the arrest of some seven or eight citizens, and while I was with him he listened to the complaints of several men who desired the arrest of two or three other parties. Of one of these latter cases I took notes.

A young man, with one hand bandaged, came into the office, and said that if the captain was examining into the difficulty on election day, he had a charge to prefer against some niggers. He was requested to tell who they were, and gave the names of two, but that of another he did not know. "We got him into the jail, though," said he; "and he's in thar now, I expect; and that 's the one I 'm most anxious about, for he 's the very man that hurt my thumb; and he 's the same man that demanded me to give up my pistol."

"Demanded your pistol, did he? What, to fight with? Let us hear the whole story."

"Yes, sir; I reckon he thought he 'd get it, and then he 'd make use of it

You see, I was n't out much that day. There was niggers everywhere, blockin' up all the stores, so a man could n't go in to buy anything, and fillin' the street up and down till the difficulty began. I reckon it was about four o'clock in the evenin', I was standin' in the squar', front o' the court-house, you know, and a man came up to me and says, 'Yonder goes a nigger, down by the depot, with rocks in his pocket; le's go down and lick him.'"

"What was that man's name?"

"Well, he's a man I don't know. I know him by sight, but I don't know as I ever spoke to the man till that day; but since then I've heard 'em say his name is Fur. Fur says, 'Yonder's a nigger, and he's got a pocket full of rocks; le's go and take 'em away from him, and lick him.' 'All right,' I said; 'I'm going down that way; come on.' We walked on to the depot. Sometimes we could see him, and then agin, when he went over a hill, we'd lose sight; and it so happened we never did git to see him after he went over the next hill beyond the depot. But right thar, side o' the road, was these three niggers—Adam, and his son, and this nigger that's in jail. 'Boys,' says I, 'what you doin' here?'—spoke jest in that manner. This nigger he made answer that they would n't let 'em stay in town, and they'd run 'em out to that place. 'But never mind,' says he, 'the niggers'll rule the day here yet, and you'll see it in less'n two months.' P'raps he mout ha' said twelve months, but I think it was two months he said. 'You d—n black son, etc.,' says I, 'what d'ye mean by that?' I expect he thought I was goin' to draw my pistol. I hed my hand in my pocket, but I did n't have my pistol in that pocket at all. The niggers began to pick rocks, and I believe Fur said, 'Shoot the black son, etc.' Fur was ahead o' me, and he did n't have any pistol. Then this nigger he says, 'Do n't you draw a pistol on me; do n't you draw a pistol. Give up that pistol,' demandin' me to give up the pistol to him. The other niggers had begun to pitch for Fur, and he came back to me, and then the rocks flew pretty thick."

"Had Fur been throwing any rocks?"

"Well, Fur mout ha' throwed; expect Fur did throw some, but I could n't see all was done, for this nigger kept demandin' me to give up the pistol, and I was lookin' towards him. I snapped at him twice, but the pistol missed fire, and about that time they'd run in on us with sticks, and this nigger hit me and knocked my thumb out o' place. Well, we had to retreat, and I reckon we fell back all o' thirty paces, and the niggers stood. I got my thumb back agin, and Fur and me went on towards 'em agin, and then the niggers fell back p'raps twenty steps. I do n't think it *was* twenty steps. We was goin' to arrest 'em, you see. But they commenced to throw rocks agin, and then I fired. I think I fired twice, but I missed him. I fired at this same nigger. By this time, some o' them up in the squar' see we was in a contention, and five or six went round a-horseback, and come in the rear o' the niggers, and then we arrested 'em."

"You arrested them, and handed them over to the sheriff?"

"Yes, sir. That is, we put 'em into the jail. I was in favor o' putting 'em thar. Some wanted to hang 'em. I might ha' killed that nigger very easy, but I'm a peaceable man. Some o' 'em wanted to know why I did n't shoot 'em, but I said, 'No, put 'em in jail;' and when I heard you'd come to look into it, I thought I'd come and make a complaint."

Capt. Littler appeared to think this man's course had not been so peaceable as it might have been, and, after hearing his complaint, ordered him to be taken into custody. Incidentally, his examination showed that the riot began at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued, with intermissions, till three o'clock in the afternoon. Several negroes were beaten severely, and for no better reason, so far as I could learn, than that they were "too sassy and stubborn," and, when the attack was made upon them, waited to be run out of the town, and in some cases even offered resistance, instead of running out of their own accord. Capt. Freeman afterwards informed me that the man who came so unsuspectingly to make the accusation had, before leaving the square, pre-arranged the rear attack of the mounted men whom he described as having so opportunely come to his assistance. This, I dare say, he himself would have admitted; he seemed to have no notion that any of his efforts to repress negro impudence had been marked by irregularity, and repeatedly expressed very great astonishment that "this nigger demanded me to give up my pistol."

I came to this village to-day, after seventeen miles' riding over the worst of rocky winding roads. "You see when they laid it out," said the landlord, "they did n't want to offend anybody by driving it right through his land, so they carried it round every farm between here and Concord." The village is the most poverty-stricken place in appearance that I have yet seen, with small, poor, unpainted houses, immense piles of slates, disused machinery under weather-beaten sheds, and shafts and mines filled with water, but the inhabitants, destitute of mails and news, give a ready welcome to

the traveller, and he fares better than in better towns. They are now awaiting, I had almost said impatiently, but the ideas of Gold Hill and eagerness seem incongruous, the arrival of the president of the mining company from the North, whither he escaped after war had broken out, and who is expected on his return to recover the property from the possession of the Southern stockholders and recommence operations. The people profess to be Unionists, and I was told that many of them were perfectly satisfied with the results of the war, or would be so "when the Government hung Jeff, and made all the niggers settle in South Carolina. The name of South Carolina ought to be taken away, and it ought not to be called a State any more."

RANDOLPH Co., N. C., September 24, 1865.

To-day I have again been travelling through a country always poor and dry, and now drier than usual in consequence of the long drouth, which has seriously affected all the crops, and lowered the streams so much that many of the mills have ceased running. I have seen but a few houses, and only those of small farmers, and it was with difficulty that I found a lodging for the night. The farmer with whom I am staying says the people have so little to eat that they are ashamed to take in a stranger. He is a man of about fifty years of age, of average intelligence, and, like a majority of his neighbors, of his own free will would never have been a rebel, having no cause of complaint against the national Government or the Northern people, and, latterly, having learned to dislike the Confederate authorities for their exactions. He had owned five negroes, a woman with her four children, and expressed his acquiescence in their emancipation. The mother was anxious to stay with him, but he could afford to give her no wages, as the children were all small, and he wished to know if he was violating any law by taking her work for the family's board and clothing. I reassured him upon this point, and he stated another perplexity under which he was laboring: a negro man, with a wife and several children, had left his employer because he could get no wages, no clothes, and not enough to eat, and had come to him begging with tears that he might be permitted to work on the farm. At first he had refused, for he had no money and only a little meat; but the man pleaded so hard, and it seemed so likely that the family would suffer, that he finally gave the desired permission. Since then he had been told several times that he was liable to be prosecuted for harboring another person's runaway servants, and would get into trouble if he persisted in keeping the family. His wife was frightened somewhat; he himself reckoned the black ones were free to go and come where they chose, but he would like me to give my opinion. I was able to quote some decisions of the neighboring Superintendents of Freedmen which covered this case also. He went on to say that many people of his acquaintance thought that the black ones would be re-enslaved, that they were not at present, and probably might never be, legally free. He had been compelled to serve in the home guard last winter, he said, and had been on duty at Salisbury; so, after supper, he lit a pipe and his wife another, and we sat before a light wood fire talking of the prison. The woman said her brother had been captured by the Yankees, and they treated him fine. She would have been glad to have fed her family on bread and water if them rebels would have let her carry what provisions she could spare to the poor prisoners. Certain sure they were dreadfully worsted, and a heap of people round Salisbury were grieved to see it, but they could do nothing to help them. If one of the guards threw in a piece of tobacco, and they caught him, he was tied up. The farmer's duty had compelled his attendance at the grave-yard on one or two occasions, and the recollection of what he saw there seemed to affect him much. His voice lowered as he told of the earth's being thrown in upon the naked bodies, and of one man thus buried whose face was still wet with the tears he had shed when dying. "I do n't say it to flatter you, mister, because you're a Yankee, for I've often said it to my wife before the surrender, and she'll say so; but you would n't handle a mutton so careless as them poor men was handled in the carts and them ar trenches."

Not long after crossing the Yadkin, I fell in with an old man who almost insisted on my stopping to talk with him when he learned that I was from the North. He war n't a high larnt fellow, he said, none o' 'em *was* round thar, but he was good Union, and it made him mighty glad to come across a man from the Northern States. "And you can't git hurt, stranger," he said, "not in this county, nor no other man that's of a good Union principle. No you can't, stranger. I can tell you what we's done with them ar secessioners that brought this thing on, and they a'n't a-goin to git the upper hands agin. One on 'em could n't git to oversee that ar dirt road you's stan'in' on, not by vote, not in this county. Expect the road was mighty bad like, warn't it? We ha'n't worked 'em for a good while, but we's goin' to turn to arter the corn's got in, and I'm thinkin' I'll oversee it myself. We ha'n't no use for secessioners, not for nothin', and they begin

to know it. Thar was one on 'em found that out this last week up yer at Jackson's Hill, for he was nigh about killed, and they would ha' killed him or beat him to death if he had n't got on to his mule and they was a-foot. Ye see in the war he was allus a mighty hunter for outlayers and sich, git-in' em into the army, and when he come to the 'lection one o' the boys, a namesake o' mine, see him, and says to him, 'R——, be ye done huntin' deserters?' I don't know what answer he made, but L—— knocked him flat on his face. Then he got up and run, and the boys tuck arter him; but he ran past his mule, and as he run he got a holt o' the bridle and broke it, and made off as fast as ever he could. Oh, them ar hunters has got to keep quiet; they can't bear the sway like they did. I told that same R—— how it would be. He was one of a parcel that was goin' to hang me one day about two years ago. Ye see, mister, I'm a man I allus let my principle be known, and one day I come by the mill, and thar was R—— and his crowd, five or six on 'em, and they'd been drinkin'. R—— he run into the mill and got a rope, and they tied it round my neck: they was for hangin' me right away. Says I, 'R——, ye mout as well make sure work o' this, for 'less ye do ye'll pay fur it. Ye know me, William L——, and I tell ye ye'll pay fur this some day if I git out o' your hands alive.'

He asked many questions about the national debt, about Northern schools and railroads, about the wages of "hirelin's," the size of farms, the methods of cultivating corn and wheat, and especially about the feelings of the Northern people towards the rebellious States.

"I've heerd ye all reverence General Lee to be a great man. Ye do, don't ye?"

I gave him the popular estimate of Lee's abilities.

"Yes, I've heerd so; the Yankee soldiers with the wagon-train told me so. I tell our boys jest to look at that. 'Thar's the Yankees,' I tell 'em, 'has give us a most eternal lickin' as ever a parcel o' people did git, I reckon, and see how they hev compassion. Why, if our nasty secession heads had licked your people like they bragged, they'd ha' been crowin'.' I tell 'em, 'wuse'n ever roosters. Yes,' I tell 'em, 'the Yankees is a marcful people, and willin' to make friendship with us.'"

PITTSBORO, N. C., September 26, 1865.

Yesterday and to-day I have ridden sixty miles over roads as bad and a country as lean and poor as those I found on Saturday and Sunday. The people in this county of Chatham are richer than their neighbors in Randolph, and there are more secessionists among them; but every man with whom I have talked in the course of the two days until I met my host of this evening, has avowed himself a Unionist; and both counties have sent up anti-secession delegates to the State Convention. My landlord says, however, that the result of this election is not a good criterion of the sentiment of the people; that the solid men of the State have not voted, and the convention will be the weakest body that ever assembled in North Carolina. The two classes seem to entertain and cherish feelings of bitter hostility towards each other, and I everywhere hear stories of assaults made upon persons who were formerly in the service of the Confederate government, and especially upon such as were engaged in picking up deserters. Quite generally these men discreetly absent themselves from election gatherings and other assemblages, and in many instances where they have appeared as voters or as candidates have been forced to fly for their lives. Since leaving Salisbury, I believe I have been in no county where such disturbances were not spoken of as having recently occurred, and offences against property are perhaps more numerous. My landlord tells me that his mother has been obliged to leave her home in Randolph County by a mob who threatened to destroy the house if she stayed in it; and he mentioned several houses, which he said I must have seen as I passed along the road, which are standing empty for similar reasons. I readily believed him, for a man in Ashboro, who was a county magistrate and also an officer of the police, told me that he could count more than a hundred houses owned by secessionists which had been broken into and robbed within the past few months. "Them outlayin' boys had learned a little bushwhackin'," he said, "when the secessioners learn'd 'em to live in the woods." The anti-secession men seem to be having everything their own way at present, in this part of the State at any rate. "Wait two years," my landlord says, "and then you'll see." He openly says, "We've got to get back into the Union, and we'll have to do many things repugnant to our feelings, but we must first of all get back and get our own State into our own hands."

This afternoon I had an amusing interview with a woman whom I found gathering sticks and rotten wood by the roadside. A little girl was with her, and both seemed the poorest of whites, dirty and wretched to the last degree, but yet not so sunk in sulkiness and apathy as most of their class, for the woman talked almost incessantly and laughed a great deal. I asked my way to Pittsboro, and, looking hard at me all the time, she gave me

some bewildering directions about the roads to be crossed and the forks to be left on the right hand and the left, and at the end she said:

"Mister, whar be ye frum?"

"I'm from the North."

"The North!" she said, dropping the armful of sticks and coming nearer to me. "Be you a — one o' them — what they call Yankees? Don't be offended, gentleman, that 's what they calls 'em; be you a Yankee?"

"I suppose I must be."

"Excuse me, gentleman, but I must look at you, fur I heerd so much about the Yankees and I niver seed one yit. Lord! Lord! A ra'al Yankee! Maria, he looks most like our folks, do n't he? He sartin do. Lord, and him to be one on 'em! Well, I must praise the Yankees if they looks like you. Maria, do n't they look right nice?"

This compliment she soon afterwards completely spoiled. She went on: "I see you come ridin' along, and I says to my gal Maria, yer's your cousin comin', I do believe. Do n't he look like John, Maria? Indeed you do, gentleman, you r'e built like him and you r'e like him in the face. John, he 's my sister Bet's son. I wish Bet could see you, and daddy, he 'd be proud to see you."

She urged me to ride down a mile from the road and visit her daddy, who was eighty-two years old, and would be very much pleased to see a Yankee, but I was obliged to refuse, for I had still more than twelve miles to ride before reaching Pittsboro, and the afternoon was wearing away. She did n't know what would become of her and her children, now the black ones was free. She said: "We poor folks was about ekil to the niggers, about bein' hard put to it to live, I mean, and now they 's free they do n't do nothin' but steal, and how we 'll live I do n't know. They say it 's the Yankees rules everything now, and I wish you 'd tell me how poor folks is to live among these niggers. I never was married, and daddy 's eighty-two years old, and me and my children 's afraid to go out when we hear 'em in the corn-field." It would have been useless, I suppose, to counsel her to cleanliness or industry or decency of manners and morals, and I had to decline the difficult post of her adviser.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 23, 1865.

TO-DAY the first public examination of the Fenian prisoners is to take place in Dublin; and then, I suppose, we shall know at least something about the matter. It is said, however, that when the case comes on, the counsel for the Crown will ask for a further adjournment, in order to complete their case; and I think the report will probably prove true. If I were writing a sensation letter to you, after the style in which the late lamented, though not respected, "Manhattan" of the *Standard* was a proficient, I might make a good deal out of what the Irish newspapers, with their usual love of exaggeration, call the Dublin "*coup d'état*." But, if I am to tell you the honest truth, this Fenian outbreak has excited almost no attention in England, less even than I think it deserves—and that is saying a good deal. As yet, Englishmen cannot take the matter seriously. There is something so absolutely ludicrous, according to our feelings, in a score or two of retired policemen, local penny-a-liners, and mechanics out of work, like the prisoners who have been arrested in Ireland, conspiring to upset the Government of the United Kingdom, that our chief feeling is one of irritation at the importance these busybodies will attain from the notoriety of a state prosecution. It would take so many years of successful revolt, so many disastrous campaigns, before Englishmen could even realize the possibility of the union being dissolved by force, that I attach comparatively little value to our utter indifference to the movement as an evidence of its insignificance. Whether right or wrong, we could scarcely have received the news of an insurrection in Thibet or Timbuctoo with more absolute unconcern. Our papers have written but little on the subject, and as yet not a single journal of importance has thought it worth while to send a special correspondent to the scene of—what shall I say?—agitation. Even in Ireland itself the Fenian movement appears to have created singularly little excitement. Somehow or other it did not appeal to the popular Irish instinct, as similar movements have done in bygone years. Whether this was because the nation is more contented with our rule, or because the tide of emigration has depleted the strength of the country, or because the priests refused to sanction the enterprise, the fact is certain that the Fenian leaders have not met with the support accorded even to Mitchell and Meagher and Smith O'Brien in the days of the cabbage-garden conspiracy. The Celtic race, in my opinion, belong to that department of the army of humanity which I once heard a poor woman describe her husband as belonging to, namely, "God's own unaccountables;" and, therefore, I am not sanguine enough to assume that

Fenianism may not have deep ramifications amongst the Irish peasantry, because they act exactly as if they cared nothing about the matter. They do not act, however, as if they felt any sympathy for the Fenian prisoners, and, indeed, evince great willingness to give them up to justice. This fact alone seems to me almost conclusive. Swift, who said more cruel things about his countrymen than any hundred Anglo-Saxon writers, declared that whenever an Irishman was to be roasted alive, there would always be found another Irishman ready to turn the spit; and the want of loyalty of Celts towards each other has been a favorite theme of satire ever since. But I believe the experience of our Irish police would not confirm this theory. In all cases of agrarian murder, where a landlord has fallen a victim in consequence of some sin against the unwritten popular code, it is found impossible to obtain evidence. Hundreds of poor peasants know the name and whereabouts of the murderer. But no threat or bribe will induce them to give him up to justice. Thus, if the Fenian movement was, in truth, a popular one, I do not believe the police would find any assistance from the native Irish in detecting the conspirators. It is, however, notorious that every meeting, movement, and project of the Fenians has been regularly reported to the authorities at the Castle by amateur spies. As far as can be discovered, no single person of position or even respectability has mixed himself up with the plot; and it is commonly asserted that a great number of the alleged Fenian demonstrations have been got up by zealous Orange partizans who desired to frighten the Government into action.

If this view is correct, you will probably ask how it is the Ministry have thought it advisable to adopt such energetic measures of repression, and have even gone to the length of arresting supposed conspirators in Liverpool and Manchester? All I can tell you positively is that we are all asking the same question ourselves, without being able to give any satisfactory answer to it. When Parliament meets, the conduct of the Government will be doubtless severely criticized by the opposition; and Mr. Disraeli will find full exercise for his sarcastic powers in describing how the Premier was frightened out of his propriety by a plot between a pedlar and a policeman. I suspect the Ministry will find it difficult to make a good case, chiefly because they will not feel at liberty to explain their real motives. If the whole truth could be told—which it certainly will not—it would, I think, be found that the true motive for this decided and prompt action lay in communications received from America. It is supposed that intimations were forwarded to the following effect: if the Fenians should succeed in organizing anything resembling an insurrection—no matter how contemptible in itself—the Irish in the States would aid them by subscriptions, by the dispatch of arms, possibly of recruits. In the present excited state of American feeling toward England, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the United States Government to put a stop to such demonstrations; and, therefore, any outbreak of insurrection, unimportant as it might be in itself, would most probably lead to grave complications between England and America. How far this view is a correct one, you are in a far better position to judge than I can be; but I have reason to suspect it has been laid before our Government and has influenced their action. We may possibly be the victims of a bugbear. Conscience, as we all know, "doth make cowards of us all;" and I think most candid Englishmen have an uncomfortable conviction in their own hearts that the precedents we established during the civil war in the West might be turned against ourselves with fatal retaliation. On such a subject as this, an honest man ought to speak the truth; and therefore I tell you cordially, that in the utterly improbable event of a real insurrection, any aid to the insurgents of the kind which, I own with deep regret, was furnished by Englishmen to the Confederates, would involve immediate war. Your Government might frame its despatches in the "ipsissima verba" of Earl Russell's lucubrations, and show that it was not, and could not, be responsible for the acts of individual citizens. But no Ministry could stand against the popular outcry for war which would rage here, in case an American Alabama were to sail under an Irish flag. I think most Americans will confess that the reason why war between our two countries was happily avoided during the late struggle, was not because you were convinced of the justice of our representations, but because you had too much upon your hands at home to undertake a foreign war. Of course, if the suppression of an Irish rebellion tested our energies to the utmost, we should, like wise men, put up with what we could not help. But it is to me utterly inconceivable that under any circumstances Ireland could get up an insurrection which England could not suppress in a month.

I have dwelt on this Fenian matter more at length than I should otherwise, out of an impression that its importance may be exaggerated across the Atlantic. As a simple chronicler of subjects of passing interest in England, I should dismiss it with a couple of lines. The apprehension that it might possibly cause trouble with America has not been as yet realized by the

public, and apart from this danger it is utterly insignificant. No doubt it has one aspect of a more lasting interest, and that is the want of sympathy for our rule in Ireland manifested by the very fact of its existence. We have had possession of the sister kingdom for centuries, and for the last thirty years and more—in fact, ever since the passage of the Catholic Emancipation bill—we have given her the same rights, privileges, and freedom as we enjoy ourselves. And yet, the awkward truth remains incontrovertible that we have not made her prosperous, or contented, or loyal. Hitherto, we have believed that her disaffection was due solely to the evil effects of unjust legislation in years gone by. But gradually we are beginning to doubt whether the root of disaffection does not lie deeper still, in an innate divergence between the Celtic and Saxon natures. As I mentioned to you in a former letter, many of our most thoughtful statesmen are inclined to believe that Ireland ought to be legislated for on principles distinct from those which govern our administration of England. And the circumstance that a rebellion should be deemed possible in Ireland at the present day will assuredly strengthen this conviction, which Mr. Gladstone, amongst others, is said to entertain strongly. There are already indications that the status of the Established Church in Ireland will be brought under discussion next session. Threatened men live long; and the Irish Establishment has survived so many attacks that it would be dangerous to prophesy its early decease. It is, however, symptomatic that the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, both, in the true sense of the word, Conservative organs, have of late been assailing the expediency of maintaining a national church which does not comprise one-eighth of the population.

At last we have had a *quasi* revival of political life. The other day a demonstration in favor of an extension of the franchise took place at Glasgow, at which Mr. Bright was asked to be present. The member for Birmingham declined to accept the invitation on two grounds; the first was, that if he went to one meeting he must go to others, and that his health was not in a state to allow him to undertake a political agitation; the second and more important was, that so long as Lord Palmerston lived, he thought it inadvisable to commence an agitation for reform. The second reason I believe to be the real one. Mr. Bright suffers very much from a sort of bronchial affection, and, unless I am much mistaken in my judgment, no consideration of personal inconvenience would induce him to spare himself if he could forward the cause he has so much at heart. As a matter of prudence, I believe Mr. Bright acts wisely in suspending the idea of reform so long as Lord Palmerston lives or holds the confidence of the public. But when he lays the blame of the failure of the previous reform agitation at the door of the Premier, as "the only man connected with the Liberal party able and willing to betray it," I think he puts the saddle on the wrong horse. The minister, to do him justice, never seemed to feel any enthusiasm in the cause of reform; he declared his readiness to pass a reform bill if the country required it; but that was all. The agitation broke down because the country manifested no eagerness to have the suffrage extended, not because the Premier, or the Ministry, or the Parliament was averse to change. This is the truth; and, like all truths, pleasant or unpleasant, it had better be recognized. As I have before told you, Lord Palmerston is the minister of a transition era; and even if he was not verging on extreme old age, he would never be retained in office if ever the country took up reform in earnest. His presence in the premiership is a proof that, for the time, the nation is not ripe for change; and therefore sincere reformers are perhaps well advised in not undertaking a hopeless enterprise. No doubt, the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston tends to prolong the public apathy on the subject of reform; but this apathy is the cause rather than the result of his official reign. Meanwhile, in political circles, the rumor that he will not be able to meet Parliament next session is again recovering strength. I know that his friends are much disappointed at the comparatively little progress he has made in regaining his normal vigor during the recess. Last year he was constantly before the public throughout the whole of the holidays; this year, he has scarcely appeared in public since the elections. Lord Derby, too, is much out of health, and it seems as if before long new men, and with them new ideas, will come to the front in English politics. I am sure that both are needed.

I have, let me say here, received a copy of THE NATION, with some comments you were kind enough to make on what you termed my plea for Jefferson Davis. I am afraid that, as your correspondent, I did not make my meaning sufficiently clear to you. Personally, I can assure you that I, and many English friends of America who, I know, think with me, have as little respect or esteem of any kind for the ex-President as you can have. Our wish that his life may be spared is due to no regard for him, but to our respect for the American nation. All history teaches us that the execution of the leaders of an unsuccessful rebellion has

been ultimately regretted by the nation or dynasty which inflicted the penalty, and we suspect the lessons of history are equally true on one side of the Atlantic as the other. If, as you urge, the crime of secession is an utterly exceptional one, then I should reply that your position as a nation is also an exceptional one, and that therefore you are able—and, if able, obliged—to act by a higher standard than our Old World one. However, the question is one which you happily have both the power and the right to decide for yourselves. My only object in again alluding to it is to make my own position clear.

THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN ORDER OF THOUGHT.

INTELLECTUAL timidity is the infirmity of cultivated men. Property is essentially conservative, and as a general rule, therefore, they who claim a present distinction are willingly sceptical and indifferent to the promise of the future. Such is human nature, and nobody is to blame for it short of the original Adam. *A bird in the hand*, says the proverbial wisdom of the world, *is worth two in the bush*. Sure present possession outweighs any amount of contingent future acquisition. You would not expect a physician in good practice to be foremost in denouncing his own therapeutics, and advocating a better. You would not expect a successful lawyer whose fame and revenues are dependent on the existing methods of his profession to be over-zealous for the reform of those methods. Neither would you expect a clergyman of conspicuous standing in his church to take the lead there in inaugurating a dogmatic or ritual revolution. Any particular lawyer, doctor, or divine might, it is true, disconcert your expectation; but the expectation is nevertheless perfectly reasonable, because it is based upon general experience, or deduced from the principles which regulate human nature itself, and which must, therefore, justify themselves in the long run. The past, in so far as it overlaps the present, does so in purely fossil form, and hence resists decay. And the present, in so far as it has got itself formulated in institutions, or identified with living interests, fights tooth and nail against the future. In a word, conflict is the law of progress; and a very benignant law it is, no doubt, since we seem incapable of greatly estimating any blessing which is lightly won. We have no complaint to make of the fact. We only adduce it by way of hinting a probable explanation of the serious misconception into which European, and especially English, conservatism has been betrayed in respect to American character and tendencies.

What makes the peculiarity of the era in which we live is, that it is the consummation of a long conflict between two civilizations—one artificial and provisional, as built on force; the other natural and final, as built on freedom, or the spontaneous tendencies of the mind; one, consequently, moribund, as referring its true vigor to the past; the other nascent, as finding its sure promise in the future. The political life of Europe universally, and that of England in an eminent degree, amounts only to a temporary compromise or truce, not to a permanent reconciliation, of this great warfare. European, and especially English, culture aims to endow man with civil freedom or citizenship, and contemplates no higher destiny as within the range of his earthly possibilities. The European theory of human life is that it is primarily civil and only derivatively social, so that the persons who are identified with the civil administration have a legitimate title also to an exceptional social position; and its ideal of individual manhood is that it is moral, not æsthetic—voluntary, not spontaneous. Now, the American idea, on both these points, is strikingly opposed to the European one. You have only to observe the popular instincts, as reflected in the general tenor of our legislation, to perceive very plainly that our theory of human life is that it is primarily social and only derivatively civil; and hence makes delight rather than duty, spontaneity rather than will, the law of our individual development. It is this fundamental yet wholly involuntary divergence on our part from the traditions of the Old World which exposes us to European, and especially English, obloquy and intolerance. It is not evolution they see in us, for that they could easily reconcile themselves to; it is revolution, and revolution in the most inward and conventionally sacred realm of life. Practically, in fact, our institutions are an exact inversion of theirs, what is first and last in our estimation being severally last and first in theirs, so that their judgments of us necessarily undergo the same dislocation with respect to the actual facts of the case that our view of the landscape undergoes when we look at it through an inverted telescope. Their contempt of us is not voluntary or conscious; it is wholly instinctual and unconscious, growing out of a sheer diversity of natural temperament or providential direction between us, and arguing no wilful perverseness on their part. It is the difference between the conventionally righteous and the conventionally reprobate man of the gospels, the former of whom cannot help saying, with all his heart, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this publican," etc. And

it would be just as unreasonable in us to demand a favorable European or English judgment of us as it would be to ask a New York millionaire to renounce his wealth and trot about the streets in the insignia of a voluntary or ostentatious poverty.

We emphasize the Englishman in all this matter, because there is no bosom extant in which the social principle, the principle of a wholly spontaneous equity among men, is so weak as in the English, and the civic or moral principle, the principle of voluntary or legal rectitude, so strong. There is no one, consequently, so eminently disqualified as the Englishman is by original genius (and, indeed, acquired culture also) to do us justice, in whose development the social sentiment grows ever more absolute, and the moral sentiment ever more impotent. It is this supremacy of will to spontaneity, of moral to æsthetic force, of civic to social aspiration, of outward letter, in short, to inward spirit, which constitutes the strength of European conservatism, and which renders the Englishman specifically so unsocial, or averse to all change which looks towards the eventual brotherhood or fellowship of man. Our political and ecclesiastical heritage cannot help striking him as painfully squalid, because it disavows all sanctity undervived from the popular heart. The supremacy of the distinctively social conscience among us both to the civic and ecclesiastic conscience, makes him pat his own old paunch of privilege with infinite complacency, and ensures us his boundless reprobation. Every look at us is sure to inflame his helpless arrogance, and harden him inwardly against those tides of fellowship or equality which are here flowing unchecked—at all events by institutions—into the human mind, and so preparing, let us hope, an immaculate divine edifice in human nature. In short, belief in England and in the permanence of English institutions and culture is a religious obligation upon the average Englishman's conscience; and his contempt of you accordingly is not wilful or flippant, but is a slow, dumpy, adipose product of his defective spiritual respiration, of his still immature manhood. It is an honest excrescence of natural genius or temperament in him—astonishing you, no doubt, by its magnitude, benumbing you for the most part by its contact, reducing you to impotence before it; but you respect it in its place, just as you respect a goitre in Switzerland or a blue-nose in Nova Scotia, and never dream of making the unaffected individual subject of it responsible.

There is, however, a spurious Englishman—a cheap modern edition of this ancient stately original—the Scotch, Canadian, or West Indian Englishman, who is full, oftentimes, of wilful impertinence, and fidgets you like fleas, poisoning your honest human flesh by his venomous intention past all scratching to relieve, and making you long to get well hold of him once between finger and thumb, in order to do the wholesome world a service. These parasitic English stand in the same unhandsome relation to the true John Bull as the retainers of a great house stand in towards its lord. The heir of the house is incapable of parading his dignity, but all they who wear his livery either under or above their clothes—namely, his poor relations and his paid servants—turn up their futile, consequential noses in a manner so aggressive and violent as greatly to invite pulling on the part of the embarrassed head of the family, and dispose him oftentimes to renounce a conventional dignity so fatal to all who underpin it or even believe in it. There can be no doubt that this provincial and colonial flunkeyism provokes the same disgust in the manly English bosom that it does in ours. However limited the Englishman may be in point of social sympathy, he has none of this fretful, mischievous, suspicious consciousness which you observe in the Canadian, Scotch, or other poor relation. And we must say we seldom meet in a respectable English periodical the same shameless rage of insult and defamation which is habitual to the Scotch "Blackwood." The editorial temper of this snuffy, unventilated magazine, both moral and intellectual, is morbid enough to be the effect of a repelled eruption—looks like a cuticular irritation driven in to prey at leisure upon heart and brain. It is the temper of a vixenish old family nurse, with arms always akimbo, who feels so sure of her darling provoking everybody's distrust or dislike as to be for ever railing at the rest of the parish by anticipation on his behalf. And we apprehend that you may always, when you encounter anything very dirty or unscrupulous in English periodicals, safely ascribe it, not to any Englishman who is socially enfranchised, or entitled to the dignity of a man in his own country, but to some underbred member of that large herd who live by the pecuniary patronage or the social tolerance of the aristocracy.

We have been indulging in no *personal* comparisons between the European and the American, to the latter's advantage. Our purpose has been simply to contrast the spirit which animates European institutions with that which animates ours; and to show that while the one contemplates and provides for the highest individual distinction among men, at the risk if not at the actual cost of a permanent debasement of all the rest, the

other provides for and tolerates no such distinction which does not grow out of the gradual elevation of the masses. We have no doubt that so far as the personal attitude of the European and the American is concerned, with reference to the reigning temper of their respective institutions, the advantage is very apt to be with the European; for he is oftentimes individually very much in advance of his institutions, while the American is almost never quite up to his. A European, and especially an English, democrat is now the foremost style of man; while an American aristocrat is really or spiritually no man at all, but a wretched ape who disguises his inward inhumanity under a patchwork of outward or moral fair-seeming, and so secures the privilege of chattering and biting at discretion. But you may know him by one infallible token: he is for ever hunting up vermin on the body of his kind.

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS.

THE subjoined letters, written by distinguished men of a former generation, are submitted to the public by the writer of the article printed in this journal entitled "A Connecticut Village." They were selected from a large mass of interesting correspondence which can only be published in full when the life has been written of the very able and eminent man to whom they were addressed. The first is from Benjamin Franklin, and exhibits him as a printer and interested in a scheme for the education and improvement of his fellow-men:

PHILADA., July 2, 1752.

REVD. SIR: I have sent you via New York twenty-four of your books, bound as those I sent you by post. The remainder of the fifty are binding in a plainer manner, and shall be sent as soon as done, and left at Mr. Stuvessant's as you order.

Our academy, which you so kindly enquire after, goes on well. Since Mr. Martin's death the Latin and Greek school has been under the care of Mr. Allison, a Dissenting minister, well skilled in those languages, and long practiced in teaching; but he refused the rectorship, or to have anything to do with the government of the other schools. So that remains vacant, and obliges the trustees to more frequent visits. We have now several young gentlemen desirous of entering on the study of philosophy, and lectures are to be opened this week. Mr. Allison undertakes logic and ethics, making your work his text, to comment and lecture upon. Mr. Peters and some other gentlemen undertake the other branches till we shall be provided with a rector capable of the whole, who may attend wholly to the instruction of youth in those higher parts of learning, as they come out fitted from the lower schools.

Our proprietors have lately wrote that they are extremely well pleased with the design, will take our seminary under their patronage, give us a charter, and, as an earnest of their benevolence, five hundred pounds sterling. And by our opening a charity school, in which over one hundred poor children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetick, with the rudiments of religion, we have gained the general good-will of all sorts of people, from whence donations and bequests may be reasonably expected to accrue from time to time. This is our present situation, and we think it a promising one, especially as the reputation of our schools increases, the masters being all very capable and diligent, and giving great satisfaction to all concerned.

I have heard of no exceptions yet made to your work, nor do I expect any, unless to those parts that savor of what is called *Berkleyanism*, which is not well understood here. When any occur I shall communicate them.

With great esteem and respect,

I am, D'r Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

The next letter will be read with interest by the lovers of astronomy, and gives us a most agreeable impression of the character of one of the fathers of New York, Cadwallader Colden:

COLDENSHAM, March 20, 1753.

SIR: Some time in the winter I sent you a small treatise, which I published in England, in hopes of obtaining your remarks, with that freedom which ought always to subsist in philosophical enquiries, on some parts of it which fall within the sphere of your speculations. I still hope to receive them when your leisure will permit.

The design of the present letter is, by your assistance, to excite some of the gentlemen at New Haven to observe the transit of Mercury on the sun, which will happen the 6th of May next. Mr. Franklin has published directions from the French Academy for observing it, which, I make no doubt, he has sent to you and to some gentlemen in New Haven. I think it needless therefore to trouble you with anything on that head, except it be to observe to you, that as the observing the time accurately is the principal thing to be taken care of in this observation, that I think this can be done with the greatest certainty by observing the sun's passing a meridian line, and thereby correcting your clock, for some days before the transit, and the day after, or as soon after as can be done. This is accurately done by observing the time when the sun's proceeding limb touches the meridian, and at what time by the clock the subsequent limb touches the needle between the two in the exact time of noon apparent time. If your radius be large enough, it may be determined to a second of time. If you have a good Sesson's theodolite, the meridian may be found by it to one minute, which does not produce an error of above four seconds in time. Or the meridian may be found perhaps more accurately by Mr. Derham's method, in the abridgment of the Philos. Transac-

tions, vol. 4, page 465. The methods of finding apparent time by the altitude of the sun or stars are subject to more errors, as more data are requisite, viz., the latitude of the place, and declination of the sun or stars, and an error may slip in the calculations, which are not necessary in case a meridian line be used for finding the time. The inner contact of Mercury with the sun's limb may, with a good telescope, be observed to the trembling of the eye, and as it is hoped that this instantaneous phenomenon may be observed at Boston, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, and other parts of North America, we may expect that the longitude with respect to each other will be determined to great accuracy, which otherwise we may not have an opportunity of doing by actual observation in many years. This may be of particular advantage to us, besides the general advantage proposed by the astronomers in Europe of determining the distance of the earth from the sun, by making this observation at places far distant from each other on the globe. If any further directions be desired, I shall very cheerfully give my assistance so far as I am capable. You will oblige me exceedingly if by your means I can have any observation made, communicated to me, together with the methods taken in observing and of determining the time.

Please, sir, to remember me affectionately to my grandchildren. Tell them I hope they will not neglect the opportunity they now have for instruction, and of imbibing maxims for the conduct of life which they'll find of the greatest use as long as they live, in whatever sphere Providence may place them in this world. If they neglect the advantages they have with you, they may repent when it is too late. It gives me the greatest pleasure to see what advances their sisters make in every kind of improvement proper for women. They not only excel others of their age in needle-work, but in reading and writing. They not only spell better than women at any age commonly do, but form their sentences and join their words with a propriety that really surprises me. If they had more assistance, I make no doubt of their being distinguished by their proficiency in the Belles Lettres.

I am with great esteem,

Sir, your most

Humble and obedient servant,

CADWALLADER COLDEN.

REV. DR. JOHNSON.

The following letter was written a month after the birth of Harrison Gray Otis, who was the nephew of James Otis; and though brief, we can discern the fire in the nature of that great lawyer, who always desired to die by a stroke of lightning, and did die in that manner:

BOSTON, NOV. 12, 1765.

DR. SIR: I rec'd yours and am very glad to find your assembly so far approving of the measures taken at ye Congress. I could have wished they had sent an agent from among them. I had ye pleasure, as I came through the colony, to hear you named as a candidate. The assembly here have done us ye honor fully to approve of our proceedings, and have voted ye thanks of the House to their committee. There was a motion to except ye Brigadr., our Notable President, but as he was absent I apologized for his strange conduct as well as I could, and the proposed determination subsided. The people of this province, however, will never forgive him.

We are much surprised at the violent proceedings at New York, as there has been so much time for people to cool, and the outrages on private property are so generally detected. By a vessel from So. Carolina we learn that the people were in a tumult at Charlestown, and terrible consequences apprehended. God knows what all these things will end in, and to him they must be submitted. In the meantime 't is much to be feared the Parliament will charge ye colonies with presenting petitions in one hand and a dagger in the other. Pray for ye peace of Jerusalem, as I do for your prosperity, and am much your friend and humble servant,

J. OTIS.

WILLIAM SAM'L JOHNSON, Esq., at Stratford.

The style and sentiments contained in the next letter, by Edward Rutledge, suggest many a sad contrast:

DEAR SIR: When Mr. Izard was on the eve of embarking for New York, I took the liberty of requesting him to make some arrangement for the education of my son; and tho' I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, yet the very excellent reputation which you sustain among all descriptions of men, and more particularly among those in whose judgment I am accustomed to repose myself, led my mind to fix itself on you as a gentleman extremely fit in all respects to undertake that charge. When I suggested to my friends that I thought you would consider me as making too bold a request, they told me I was a stranger to your character, for that you delighted in acts of benevolence; and so you certainly must, sir, if you consent to take my son under your immediate protection, a youth in a strange country, and point out to him the road to happiness thro' the paths of virtue and wisdom.

In all governments whatever, I consider it an indispensable duty in parents to attend to the education of their children; but it becomes, if possible, more particularly so in republics, whose existence depends on the integrity of its citizens, and whose citizens are equally entitled, from the very nature of their government, to a participation in all the offices of the state. Accustomed, as I have been from my earliest manhood, to take a share in the public councils of my country, I soon became impressed with the necessity of an enlarged education, and I think I afford no very slender proof of my conviction when I consent to part with my only son at his perilous age. But I am reconciled to the measure when I consider to whose care I am committing him, and that I am discharging the obligations which I owe to him and to the community. I shall not presume to point out to you the plan of his education. The great objects I have in view are to make him a good man and a valuable citizen; and to say this much, I am sure, is sufficient. I shall only add that as my family are small, and my fortune easy, I feel no repugnance

at any expense which may be occasioned by his education, and that I will cheerfully and punctually discharge every pecuniary engagement which he may incur. Those other obligations which can never be discharged, but which I trust will be lightened by his gratitude and mine. I have the honor to be, Dear Sir,

With much esteem and respect,

Yr. very oblig'd and humble servant,

EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

CHARLESTON, May 21, 1777.

DR. WILLIAM S. JOHNSON, New York.

Our next letter was written by Ralph Izard, of whom Washington once said, "No man was more honest in public life." His allusion to the two objects nearest his heart is truly noble.

CHARLESTON, 20th December, 1787.

DEAR SIR: It gives me much pleasure to hear that you have accepted of the Presidency of Columbia College, not only because I think the public in general will be much benefited by it, but I have also a private self-interested satisfaction on account of my sons being placed under your care. The calamities of the late war were extended with uncommon violence to this State. I have had my full share of them, and time has not yet entirely reconciled me to them. There are two objects very near my heart, which, if I live to see accomplished, will be an ample compensation for everything that I have suffered. I wish to see a good solid federal government established, and my sons so educated as to afford me a prospect of their being men of abilities and honor, and of their becoming useful, valuable citizens of their country. To the first of these you have contributed in the Convention; and to the latter I firmly believe you will also contribute. I have a good opinion of the capacity of my son Henry, and it will make me very happy to hear from you that his manners, conduct, and attention to his studies meet with your approbation. It is my wish that he should be a lawyer. If he arrives at eminence in his profession, it will be the certain means of his being placed in the most eligible situation in this country. He should not only be a good classical scholar, but also a good mathematician, which I think a very necessary foundation for the profession of the law. Many of the causes in our courts are occasioned by intricate questions respecting the lines and boundaries of landed estates, for which reason he will derive great advantage from being a good surveyor. My son informs me that the mornings are employed in college, and that the students are allowed to dispose of their time as they please in the evenings. This, in my opinion, is placing them in a very critical situation, as the evening hours of a young man, when left entirely to his own discretion, are not those which are most likely to be spent to the greatest advantage. I lament the necessity of my son's being absent from my family more on that account than any other, as he may be frequently at a loss how to dispose properly of that part of his time. It is, therefore, to this point that I shall take the liberty of an old friend in requesting your particular attention; and I hope it will not be thought too troublesome or inconvenient for you to admit him as part of your own family. This will give me the satisfaction of knowing that he has an asylum against the inconveniences which I have just mentioned. You will be good enough to write me fully on everything that relates to him. He has, in common with all young men, and indeed all mankind, his merits and demerits, and it is proper that I should be acquainted with both. My wife offers her compliments, and I am with great regard, Dear Sir,

Your most obt. servant,

DR. JOHNSON.

RALPH IZARD.

The writer of the next letter, Richard Stockton, was the only man, we believe, ever succeeded in the United States Senate by a son and a grandson, of which one of the present Senators from New Jersey may well be proud:

MORVEN, Feby. 18, 1813.

DEAR SIR: I must ask your forgiveness, withal I have omitted writing you so long since the receipt of yours of the 13th November last. It would have been answered by the gentleman who delivered it to me, but I was obliged the next day to set out on a journey into the province of New York, and having missed that opportunity, other business immediately necessary to be done has prevented me, like other sinners, from doing the duties of to-day, because I intended them to-morrow.

I shall pay particular attention to the case of your friend Mr. Lowther; yet nothing, I suppose, can be done till the meeting of the Council of Proprietors of East Jersey (some time in April next). As soon as I have anything worthy of communicating I shall write you on the subject, so as to enable you to state the matter to Mr. Lowther.

I congratulate you, or rather the colony of Connecticut, on your appointment to a seat on the bench of your Supreme Court, which I was informed of by the gentleman who brought me your last letter. It is not ordinarily so profitable in this country as the crawling Barr, but is more dignified; and it has the advantage of an argument much more weighty with you than either of these—the doing good.

If ever you should pass through this province, I shall hope for the pleasure of taking you by the hand at Morven, but if not, I shall always be with much esteem and respect, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

RICHARD STOCKTON.

THE HON. MR. JOHNSON.

The last two letters which we submit are from Jared Ingersoll, and afford us a very interesting view of London a hundred years ago:

LONDON, April 17, 1759.

WM. S. JOHNSON, ESQR.:

SIR: It is now about three months since my arrival at this place. At my

first coming there was such a confusion of objects crowding on me all at once, that, while I saw everything, I saw nothing—as the proverb has it, "I could not see the trees for the woods." London is truly a small world of itself, and is continually increasing at a very good rate. I am told that the additional buildings erected within these three years almost equal any city in the kingdom, beside Bristol and two or three more. The monuments of labor and skill are prodigious, and yet, let me tell you, there is a certain gloominess and dirtiness, if I may be allowed the expression, that hangs upon the whole, which renders the view less brilliant and agreeable than that of piles of building in America. There are very few houses on which you can discover any difference between the brick and the painting of time; all is one dull brown, occasioned by that perpetual cloud of smoke arising from the immense quantity of sea-coal that is burnt in the city; and no doubt much must be attributed to what is vulgarly called the thickness and heaviness of the air. The climate is vastly moist; the vapors, therefore, and smoke, with which the air is charged, do not buoy up as in a more elastic atmosphere. This same moistness, however, makes a rich soil—'tis now good mowing in the fields about London. I know the winter has been remarkably mild; there has been nothing like snow or frost since my being here; yet I must think the soil, in general, of this old England is very rich. What a delightful country did I pass through for three hundred miles together after landing at Falmouth—all green as May; the full blade and leaf of the spire and clover grass teeming with vigorous life; the herds and flocks feeding, and the husbandmen plowing; no waste grounds, unless here and there a heath, and even that feeding thousands of young cattle and sheep—all cultivated in the neatest manner—no sunken swamps—no rocky, stony places—the hill and the vale equally covered with a rich profusion of nature's bounty—no woods to break the prospect, only where planted here and there compact together; but no more of earth.

You will naturally suppose that I have improved some of my leisure hours in looking into the several courts. 'Twas term time when I came, accordingly I attended some little at the King's Bench, some at Chancery, at the Common Pleas, and at the sittings at Guildhall; have also been in the House of Commons, and have heard argued several causes on appeal before the House of Lords, and some at the Cockpit before the Council, etc. The late Lord Chancellor Hardwick, the present Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, and the Lord Keeper Henly, seem to be very much the triumvirate who decide all matters of weight at whatever board. If a committee of the Privy Council be appointed to hear any cause bro't by appeal before the King and Council, Hardwick and Mansfield are sure to be two of 'em, and to have no inconsiderable hand in the determination. In the House of Lords the Lord Keeper brings in no cause of appeal till Hardwick and Mansfield come, and truly the best of the House seem to take but little notice of the arguments, and as these gentlemen give their opinion, so the cause is determined. These three personages are great in the law, and 'tis well, no doubt, that a deference is paid to their opinion in law matters. I have heard the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Advocate-General of Scotland, and diverse others, speak at the bars of this and t' other court. *Many of 'em speak well, and yet, was I not afraid of offending your modesty, I would tell you that I think I have heard somebody in Connecticut speak as well as any of 'em.*

I have not had the happiness of hearing Mr. Pitt speak in the House. He made a pretty alarming speech one day since my arrival, but I was so unhappy to be unwell that day. I have conversed with him at his own house. His manner is agreeable, but nothing very peculiar as to oratory is collatable, I think, from his private conversation.

And now what shall I say farther? If I should undertake to tell you how his Majesty and the several branches of the Royal family look, 't would be no very valuable piece of information, besides, you know already as much of that matter as you can by hearing.

Should I tell you Mr. Garrick is a very fine actor on the stage, 't would be no news to you; and what the political world are about I know no more than you, and 't is well if they all know what they are about themselves.

May success attend his Majesty's arms in America this campaign! Oh! that peace was again restored to the earth. Pray be so good as to let me hear from you. This much same as to Mr. Walker and all the brotherhood, whom I still hold in dear remembrance. Remember me to all friends, my own little flock, and, when you go that way, to the ever agreeable house of Chenward.

I am, Sr., yr. sincere friend,

And very humble servant,

JARED INGERSOLL.

P. S.—I forgot to return you my unfeigned thanks for the letter you gave me to Mr. Jackson. He has been a very useful, good friend. I have sent you a Court Kallender for ye current year. I conclude you will have heard of Father Partridge's death ere this reaches you.

Yrs., etc., J. I.

LONDONDERRY, 15th March, 1760.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 8th November came to hand the 26th ult. I take notice of the several matters you are so good as to inform me of—some of a more publick, others of a more private nature.

We have heard of the great things done in the Plains of Abraham by the brave General Wolf, of which you make mention, and you, long ere now, must have heard of the great things done in Quiberon Bay by Sir Edward Hawke, and will also be informed, probably before this reaches you, that ye gallant Capt. Elliot, with an inferior force, has lately taken Mons. Thurot, with his whole party, after they had spread terror, even during all the last summer, through Scotland and Ireland, and after having landed and done considerable damage at Callickfergus, in Ireland, Thurot himself killed, etc.

I was a good deal entertained the other day in the House of Commons with some pretty high complimenting which this same affair occasioned between Mr. Elliot, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, brother to

Capt. Elliot, above mentioned, and Mr. Charles Townsend, brother to Gen'l Townsend. Mr. Elliot made a pretty long speech, moving for leave to bring in a bill to establish a militia in Scotland as it is in England. In his speech he took notice of the good effects of the militia in England—how free the people were from apprehensions from threatened invasion last year, and what panick the people of Scotland and Ireland were under where they had no armed force, from their apprehensions of the landing of Thurot only. He also observed that the militia gentlemen and soldiery, in every instance where they had been tried, had given proofs of their valor equal to any of the king's troops, and among other things said he had ye pleasure of being able to remind the House that ye same gentleman who had signed the capitulation of Incheck was the gentleman who first laid upon the table the motion for establishing a militia in England (meaning Gen'l Townsend, who at that time sat over against Mr. Elliot, and who, it seems, has always been a great patron of the militia). When he had done, Mr. Townsend rose up, and in a few words enforced the same thing Mr. Elliot had been laboring, and then said he hoped the gentleman referred to by the honorable gentleman who spoke last, and to whom he had the honor of being nearly related, was not altogether undeserving of the honor he had done him, and that in his turn he was very happy in having it in his power to acquaint the House that it was owing to the very brave and gallant behaviour of that honorable gentleman's brother that those two kingdoms, Scotland and Ireland, were rid of those terrors and fears which Mons. Thurot had given them—that it was the brave Capt. Elliot (I speak it, says he, with an emotion which almost unmans me) who, with an inferior force, boldly attacked, twice boarded, took and destroyed this same Thurot, with his whole party, who had so long given trouble to the good people of the North, etc., etc. The House was quite thrown into an acclamation of joy and triumph. "T was right it should be so. Praise is the first reward of military virtue. To be sure, we have done brave things lately, and seem to be, as to ourselves, almost ready to leave off as having conquered enough. But alas! tho' we are nearly out of the wood, I don't know how long we must tarry for our friend and ally the King of Prussia. However, we will hope for the best and meet the event.

I was sensibly touched with the news of the death of that worthy good man, Dr. Wolcott. I was first informed of his death by my good friend, Mr. Rowland. Col. Fowler, too, it seems, continues unfit for publick business. I think the colony, in the loss of these two gentlemen, are deprived of two very valuable members. It might reasonably have been hoped and expected, according to the course of human things, that their publick services would have been continued much longer. However, there is no redemption from the grave. There is now no way of retrieving their loss but by some of your younger brethren taking their places, and, by frequent recollecting the agreeable patterns as much as may be, become other originals.

I am glad to find that the weapons of war are at last taken from the contending powers at New Haven and Windsor. Amen and Amen. Wallingford and the King of Prussia, it seems, must fight a little longer; I wish they may both very soon meet with a happy issue to all their disputes.

And do Jones and Cooke yet stand side by side in the docket of controversy? Methinks they fight after they are dead; I thought they, that is, their cause, had spent the very last breath before I came away. Well! if they love to fight for fighting's sake, let them fight on, I say; they have money enough, and I am quite sure that out of the much they spend, my good friend will have a little. Everybody must be about something; the great Mr. P. and Marshal Belisle are striving which shall get the most Indian land in America, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Cooke are contending which shall have most of good Mr. Crowell's old tenor.

I cannot tell you anything certainly about peace; there is much talk and much guessing about it; I have lately waged two small bets that there will not be a peace before the opening of another campaign. You must note I did not lay on that side because I had more reason to believe there would not be a peace soon than that there would, but merely because I thought it was the most comfortable side; for if I lose my wager, I am compensated by a peace, and sha' n't much mind my loss; and if I win, I have nothing to regret but the continuance of the war.

I did not intend to have wrote half so much when I sat down, having, as I thought, little or nothing to say, having lately despatched a pretty long epistle to you; but I find a pleasure in seeming to talk to you, tho' I say nothing worth hearing.

You won't omit to call on my little flock every time you go to New Haven. I expected to have been, by this time, informed of something preparative to my return home, but I find by a late letter from Gov. Fitch, that mine to the colony in which I mentioned some things relative to that matter, did not arrive before the rising of the assembly in October. I shall endeavor to make myself contented should I be obliged to tarry a little longer than at first I supposed would be needfull, but I fear if I am absent much longer, you will get your bar so crowded, that when I come you 'll think me an intruder amongst you.

I have sent you, agreeable to promise, a Court Kallender for the current year. There was two Knights of the Garter created soon after the impression, so not mentioned—they are the Earl Temple and Marquis of Rockingham, who are to be installed at Windsor next month—perhaps I may see the ceremony. I saw 'em dubb'd by the King when created, the particulars of which I may one day have the pleasure of giving you if agreeable. My compliments to all friends. When you write to me again, please, after the usual description in directing, to add New Palace Yard, being the place where I live, otherwise the letter may n't find me for a month after it arrives, for you must know most people here won't know anything but in their own way and according to their own rule and method; and if I should be present in the General Post-office when a letter should arrive directed to me in London generally, and I should tell the clerk in the office that held

it in hand that I was the person to whom it was meant to go, a hundred to one but he would give it out to the carrier of the letters directed in that manner, to carry about and enquire after me a month, then to be returned, advertised, etc.; and if directed to be left at a coffee-house, they don't always come to hand so quick as they should.

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Yr. cordial Friend,

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P. S.—I find on perusal the Court Kallender is of a later impression than I imagined.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

OUR publishers are daily adopting more and more the example set them by the trade in England, by which a programme, announced in the spring and fall, gives notice of their intended operations, and the issue of the books themselves is crowded into a brief space of those two seasons. The plan must have its conveniences, because those reasons that cause its prevalence abroad, do not apply to our book-buying public here. Their tastes and habits, indeed, would be better suited by a steady supply of reading matter, especially during the midsummer months, when it is most wanted, instead of being practically entirely cut off at that time. Thus Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have just put forth a list of books to be published between the present time and Christmas, consisting of more than thirty articles. It testifies forcibly to the activity of this well-known house, and may be divided into original works, English reprints, illustrated books, and collected works, second editions, etc. Among the first class are "Greece, Ancient and Modern," by President Felton of Harvard University, in two volumes 8vo, embracing four courses of Lowell lectures delivered by him; "Sea-side Studies in Natural History," by Elisabeth C. and Alexander Agassiz; "The Freedman's Book," by Lydia Maria Child; a work of great curiosity and research by Wm. A. Wheeler, "An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction, including also Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, etc.," in one vol. 12mo: the first sketch of this work was appended to the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, and is generally allowed to be the most amusing part of that solid and erudite quarto; "Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, whose "Abraham Lincoln" in the October number of the "Atlantic" shows powers of no mean order; "Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures," by Edmund Kirke; "The Gulistan, or Rose Garden of Saadi, with Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson;" "Religious Poems," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; and several juvenile books by Grace Greenwood, Carleton, etc. The reprints of English books include Mr. Swinburne's famous pure classical tragedy, "Atalanta in Calydon;" "Life and Letters of Rev. Frederic Robertson, of Brighton," whose sermons have met with a general acceptance here that far outweighs their popularity in the land of their origin; Alexander Smith's prose poem, "A Summer in Skye," and the same author's "Miss Oona Macquarrie," a sequel to "Alfred Hagart's Household," and "Hereward, the Last of the English; a Story of the Norman Conquest," by Charles Kingsley. The illustrated books are rich in promise, and include a quarto edition of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King;" Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," with drawings by John Gilbert; "Legends and Lyrics," by Adelaide Procter, with twenty-one full-page illustrations by various artists, and a memoir by Charles Dickens; "Recreations of a Country Parson," with forty-one illustrations on wood by Joseph Swain, from original designs by R. I. Pritchett—the last three works are of English execution, but are published in this country by Ticknor & Fields; and the "Flowers of Liberty," quarto, with fifty colored illustrations. The American reprints and revised editions comprise "Humorous Poems," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with illustrations by S. Eytinge; "Aldrich's Poems," in blue and gold; Keightley's London Elzevir edition of Shakespeare, in six volumes, in the same style; and "Atlantic Tales," a selection of the best stories from the "Atlantic Monthly."

—A well-known statistician, Mr. Frederick Martin, illustrates the necessity for a new work he is preparing. "The Commercial Hand-book of France," by the fact that there is so little known at present about the actual state of French industry, that it created astonishment when, some weeks ago, the papers reported that the Great Eastern Railway was about to receive sixteen locomotives from the Creusot machine works in Bourgogne. To spread information respecting the trade, commerce, and general industry of France is the object of this book (to be published by Messrs. Longmans), and it is the more wanted from the immense interchange of commodities that has sprung up between the two countries since the relaxation of commercial restrictions. Many can remember when tariffs entirely separated the two countries, and the packets used to cross without the shadow of any trade being carried on between the opposite coasts within sight of each other. In fact, the trade of France—the immense empire lying at its doors—was less to England than that of some petty South American republic. In 1823 the imports and exports of the two countries did not average one million sterling. In 1863, each country imported from the other about twenty-five millions, and the trade was comparatively in its infancy. Mr. Martin's book will take the shape of a systematic practical guide to each industrial centre of French trade, manufactures, vineyards, etc., with full particulars of the railways, commercial marine, great industrial establishments, commercial statistics, etc., from the last official returns, and will embody much matter not now to be procured in English, and important to every business man.

—English art-biography, which lately received an important addition by Mr. Gilchrist's illustrated "Memoir of William Blake's Life and Works," will be further enriched by a forthcoming "Biography of William Hunt," the famous water-color painter, by J. G. Stephens. It will be illustrated in the only way that could convey an idea of the perfections of one whom Ruskin calls the first colorist of the day, that is, by finely executed chromolithographic fac-similes of his pictures, and wood-cuts. "One object of the work" (it is stated in the prospectus) "is to correct the common mistake of associating Hunt's name only with paintings of still life; the variety of his works is only less extraordinary than their beauty." We should have thought the popularity of his English rustic groups and figures was sufficient to show that this mistake could not be very general. A beautiful book may now be expected; it is to appear at Christmas, from the house of Messrs. E. Moxon & Co.

—Though not requiring notice under a literary heading, the great scientific dead of the past few weeks should not pass without commemoration in appropriate quarters. The summer has been fatal to astronomers. The list includes the name of Sir William Hamilton, astronomical professor at Trinity College, Dublin, a man often confounded with his better known namesake of Edinburgh, but who in natural powers of mind probably surpassed him, while by his discoveries in his own special branches of study, mathematics and astronomy, he was raised to an equality with the greatest extant names in science; Johann Franz Encke, the director of the Berlin Observatory, and oldest foreign member of the Royal Society, who died in the midst of his labors in his seventy-fifth year: his name is indissolubly connected with the comet whose rapid period of revolution (every three years) will never allow him to be forgotten; and Admiral William Henry Smyth, a sailor, a distinguished hydrographer, and accomplished amateur astronomer, who in each capacity performed work that deserves well of his countrymen.

—The vitality of old errors is matter of notoriety to all, especially to those who have examined the history of opinions and made themselves familiar with the speculations of theorists on the phenomena of society or science of politics. It is consolatory to know, however, that the same research which disinters the fallacy will usually find its corrective close at hand. We have lately seen paraded forth with much pretence, as an important contribution to the philosophy of history, the notion that states resemble men in their periods of youth, maturity, and decay. It would be impossible to demolish this idea, as presented in its latest phase, more effectually than has been done by Burke in the last century, when he said:

"I am not quite of the mind of those speculators who seem assured that necessarily, and by the constitution of things, all states have the same periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude that are found in the individuals that compose them. Parallels of this sort rather furnish similitudes to illustrate or to adorn, than supply analogies from whence to reason. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not found in the same classes of existence. Individuals are physical beings—subject to laws universal and invariable. The immediate cause acting in these laws may be obscure; the general results are subjects of certain calculation. But commonwealths are not physical, but moral essences. They are artificial combinations, and in their proximate efficient cause the arbitrary productions of the human mind. We are not yet acquainted with the laws which necessarily influence the stability of that kind of work, made by that kind of agent."

Again touching on this subject (says his biographer Prior) in the letter to Mr. W. Elliot, he says, with a clear prescience of the practical evil of fatalistic ideas:

"I am not of opinion that the race of men and the commonwealths they create, like the bodies of individuals, grow effete and languid and bloodless, and ossify by the necessities of their own conformation and the fatal operation of longevity and time. These analogies between bodies natural and politic, though they may sometimes illustrate arguments, furnish no arguments of themselves. They are but too often used, under color of a specious philosophy, to find apologies for the despair of laziness and pusillanimity, and to excuse the want of all manly efforts when the exigencies of our country call for them more loudly."

—Mr. Richard Grant White's "Memoirs of Shakespeare's Life" meets with a carping notice in the *Athenæum*, written apparently more to ventilate certain crotchets of the writer's than to convey an accurate idea of the book reviewed. While complaining absurdly of "want of originality" (originality on such a well-worn topic!), the critic admits that "the author's enthusiasm for Shakespeare is great, his style crisp and pleasant, and his intention good." We believe Mr. White has not mentioned in his book a trifling fact that came to light a few years since, when Shakespeare's house at Stratford was being repaired on its coming into possession of the present trustees. In restoring the fire-place in the birth-room of the poet, the beam of the chimney-piece proved to be hollow, and in a carefully concealed cavity a cross and some apparently Catholic relics were found. Unimportant in itself, this incident may have some relation to the religious tendencies of the family of the great dramatist, who has himself been remarked to speak with unvarying respect of the priestly character and attributes. Criticism is so far from being exhausted on these themes that a new work by Mr. Gerald Massey is only just announced. It is entitled "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before interpreted; with a Retouched Portrait of the man Shakespeare." It contains a new theory of the sonnets, according to which the greater portion of them—personal or dramatic—were written for the Earl of Southampton; the rest for William Herbert; and the story of Shakespeare's keeping a mistress, of whom he was robbed by his friend, vanishes into thin air. This analysis of the work is by no means clear of comprehension, but we must be satisfied with it till the book itself appears.

—Mr. Herman Merivale, who has displayed much historical acumen in his various writings, has just thrown a bomb-shell among English antiquarians by his attack on the authenticity of "The Paston Letters," contained in a late number of the "Fortnightly Review." The letters in question are well known by the continued reference made to them by modern historians, and especially by Mr. Charles Knight, for interesting facts illustrating the domestic life and relations of private persons in England that are nowhere else to be found. They purport to be the correspondence of various members of a knightly family in Norfolk that afterwards attained to the peerage (and shortly became extinct) during the time occupied by the wars of York and Lancaster. No similar series has been preserved in any part of the kingdom—a fact which, while it naturally increases the value of the letters for historical purposes, is now used as an argument against their authenticity. The entire disappearance of the originals is another circumstance that throws doubt on their claims, and Mr. Merivale endeavors to show, by an examination of numerous words and phrases of modern cast, that the language is not such as was current during the Wars of the Roses among the contemporaries of Gower, Wicliffe, and Chaucer. The question is a curious one for antiquarians and philologists; at present none have given in their adhesion to Mr. Merivale's "historic doubts." We think he scarcely allows sufficient weight to the idea that a degree of knowledge and dramatic talent necessary to create a fiction so vivid and minute of the lives, loves, and fortunes of the Pastons as these letters present, without any detected anachronisms, was very unlikely to fall to the lot of the editor by whom they were printed, a country gentleman of whom little is known. It may turn out, however, that a basis of truth existed, on which the love of mystification natural to the human mind erected the present superstructure. The original edition of the letters was in five volumes quarto (1787-1823), but they are well known in this country by a reprint, where they appear slightly abridged and modernized by Charles Knight, published in a volume uniform with "Bohn's Antiquarian Library."

—It is a noticeable fact in the progress of education in England that architecture as a study is now first introduced into a collegiate course. The programme of the lectures of Mr. T. Hayter Lewis, professor of architecture, University College, London, appears in the literary papers, and indicates a thorough teaching of his subject, both as a fine art and as a science. The first division will comprise a survey of the various national styles of art, including decoration, etc., from primeval times to the period of the Renaissance, and enters on the wide range of topics that are expected to meet in an accomplished,

architect. The science of construction forms the second portion of the lectures, and illustrates the requirements of the present day from the achievements of the past and the immutable laws of good sense and appropriateness. We can imagine no greater benefit to our community than a similar plan for the popularization of the same kind of knowledge among us. Almost every man of means has been, or expects to be, engaged in building of some nature, but not one in a myriad attempts to master the elements of the art that he is concerned with, and the consequence is that with the most lavish expenditure of money, exceeding anything known in other countries, the result is so unsatisfactory that we have scarcely a building to show in New York that fulfils in any decent measure the requirements of an educated taste.

—The chief of the peripatetic scientific bodies whose annual congresses now form a recognized feature of the autumn's entertainments in England—"The British Association"—has just held its thirty-fourth meeting at Birmingham, under the presidency of Prof. Phillips, the well-known geologist. Twice before had the smoky city been visited by the Association in its infancy and youth (in 1839 and 1849), and the present meeting seems to have passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. As usual, the opening address of the president is a valuable *resumé* of late discoveries in science, and maps out admirably the most active fields of philosophic energy. It was remarkable for a distinct recognition of the connection of geological phenomena with traces of the human family—"the opening of a new chapter, for archaeology and paleontology to read, of the world's history, which begins in the pleistocene periods of geology, and reaches to the pre-historic ages of man." One of the most interesting papers of the meeting was sent to the Geographical section by a young gentleman, Mr. W. Chandless, a graduate of Cambridge, who has ascended the River Purus, one of the least known of the tributaries of the Amazon, and has mapped every mile of its course for 1,866 miles—the paper was illustrated by a map of the river twenty-three feet in length. In the Mathematical section the results of the recent experiments in gunnery, etc., at Shoeburyness, were embodied in a valuable communication on the "Materials used for Iron Ships," by Dr. Fairbairn and Mr. Tate; and, in short, the professors of every branch of science "put their best foot foremost" in presence of the assemblage of home and foreign savans and ladies, who were brought out by the fair weather in unusual numbers, so that the last Birmingham meeting of the Association is on record as a great success.

—Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, promise us an edition of Miss Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," descriptive of seven periods in the life of woman, intended to appear in a style of unrivalled beauty and taste. The illustrations will combine some of the best efforts of English and American artists, and include the first published portrait of Miss Ingelow, engraved on steel from a recent photograph. Mrs. Farrar, in her pleasant "Reminiscences" (just published by Ticknor & Fields), explains how it is that we possess no likeness of Maria Edgeworth by the fact that she was so absolutely plain that she never would allow a portrait of herself to be taken. It was fortunate for her resolve that she lived in the pre-daguerrotype ages, or she could scarcely have escaped the momentary glance of the camera that now perpetuates indiscriminately for us both the evanescent shapes of beauty and grace as well as their opposites.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have a book in preparation that will possess an attraction for New Yorkers equal, perhaps, to any that could be got up. It is "Reminiscences of Dr. Gardiner Spring," of the Brick church, including recollections, personal, professional, and miscellaneous, of the long career during which he has occupied a position of the first eminence in the ecclesiastical and social circles of our metropolis. Though past the age of eighty, Dr. Spring flourishes in the enjoyment of all his faculties, and the composition of these reminiscences has been a cherished employment of his leisure.

A FRENCH CRITIC.*

To the first series of these literary studies, published two years ago, M. Scherer attached a preface which he doubtless intends shall serve also for this second volume. A short glance at this preface will initiate us into the author's view of the limits of his own work. "Custom exacts," says M. Scherer, "that a preface should sum up the doctrines of the book. But suppose the book has no doctrines? I find many subjects handled in these pages: philosophy, religion, literature, history, politics, morals—there is a little of all these. If, indeed, I start no ideas on these subjects, I speak of men who have done so. But in the midst of all this I look in vain for the least sign of a doctrine. Nay, what is worse, the book seems to me to be full of in-

* "Nouvelles Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine. Par Edmond Scherer." Paris. 1865.

consistencies, or, as some might say, of contradictions. I find myself to-day all latitude, and to-morrow all indignation; now a rigid moralist, now a disinterested critic; now tolerant as a philosopher, now strenuous as a partizan." To the critic duly reproached with these inconsistencies, pursues M. Scherer, there remains this resource: to accept the reproach, and to reduce it to its proper value. This M. Scherer proceeds to do in his own case. At bottom, he affirms, rightly understood, no serious mind ever contradicts itself. To accuse a man of so doing is simply to display covertly your own ignorance. How can we know those secret reasons, those blind instincts, those confused motives, which the subject of them himself only half suspects? We think that a man has changed when he has only pursued or achieved his natural manifestation. There are in the tyranny of circumstances and the inherent inflexibility of ideas a hundred obstacles to the complete expression of feelings. These feelings, which constitute a man's real substance, his inclinations, his affections, his aspirations, never change. The nearest approach they make to it is to develop by a strictly logical process. In default of doctrines in a work—or, as we should say, in default of a system, of a consistent argument—there is always, accordingly, a certain irrepressible moral substance. This moral substance in his own work M. Scherer declares to be the love of liberty. He loves liberty as the necessary condition of truth, of thorough examination, of impartiality. "Contention, written and spoken," says M. Scherer, "the opposition and the fusion of opinions, errors, retractions, excuses, reactions: all these things are the formation of truth." And these things are only possible under liberty. "Truth," he continues, "is for me simply improvement; and liberty is scarcely more than another name for this constant process of improvement."

M. Scherer's merits, then, as a critic, are these: that he has no doctrines, and that in default of these he is prompted by an excellent feeling as the love of liberty. It may seem questionable at first whether the former fact is really a merit. It is not that in reading M. Scherer's volume we do not find much that is positive: many opinions, much sympathy, much dissent, much philosophy, much strong feeling; for without these the reproach of inconsistency would be impossible. We find much that we can specifically approve or condemn. We find even plenty of theories. But this touches perhaps the very point. There are plenty of theories, but no theory. We find—and this is the highest praise, it seems to us, that we can give a critic—none but a moral unity: that is, the author is a liberal. It is hard to say, in reading M. Scherer's books, which is the most pleasing phenomenon, this intellectual eclecticism or this moral consistency. The age surely presents no finer spectacle than that of a mind liberal after this fashion; not from a brutal impatience of order, but from experience, from reflection, seriously, intelligently, having known, relished, and appropriated the many virtues of conservatism; a mind inquisitive of truth and of knowledge, accessible on all sides, unprejudiced, desirous above all things to examine directly, fearless of reputed errors, but merciless to error when proved, tolerant of dissent, respectful of sincerity, content neither to reason on matters of feeling nor to sentimentalize on matters of reason, equitable, dispassionate, sympathetic. M. Scherer is a solid embodiment of Mr. Matthew Arnold's ideal critic. Those who affirmed Mr. Arnold's ideal to be impracticable may here be refuted; those who thought it undesirable may perhaps be converted. For they will see that once granted M. Scherer's seriousness, his competency to the treatment of a given subject rests entirely upon his intellectual independence or irresponsibility. Of all men who deal with ideas, the critic is essentially the least independent; it behooves him, therefore, to claim the utmost possible incidental or extrinsic freedom. His subject and his stand-point are limited beforehand. He is in the nature of his function opposed to his author, and his position, therefore, depends upon that which his author has taken. If, in addition to his natural and proper servitude to his subject, he is shackled with a further servitude, outside of his subject, he works at a ridiculous disadvantage. This outer servitude may either be to a principle, a theory, a doctrine, a dogma, or it may be to a party; and it is against this latter form of subordination, as most frequent in his own country, that Mr. Arnold more especially protests. But as a critic, quite as much as any other writer, must have what M. Scherer calls an inspiration of his own, must possess a *unit* of sincerity and consistency, he finds it in his conscience. It is on this basis that he preserves his individuality, or, if you like, his self-respect. It is from this moral sense, and, we may add, from their religious convictions, that writers like Scherer derive that steadfast and delicate spiritual force which animates, coordinates, and harmonizes the mass of brief opinions, of undeveloped assertions, of conjectures, of fancies, of sentiments, which are the substance of this work.

There are, of course, degrees in criticism as in everything else. There is small criticism and there is great criticism. But great criticism seems to us

to touch more or less nearly on pure philosophy. Pure criticism must be of the small kind. Goethe is a great critic; M. Sainte-Beuve is a small one. Goethe has laid down general principles. M. Sainte-Beuve has laid down particular principles; and, above all, he has observed facts and stated results. Goethe frequently starts from an idea; M. Sainte-Beuve starts from a fact; Goethe from a general rule, M. Sainte-Beuve from a particular instance. When we reflect upon all the faculties and all the accomplishments needed by the literary critic in these days, we are almost tempted to say that he should unite in himself the qualities which are required for success in every other department of letters. But we may more strictly sum up his necessary character by saying that he is a compromise between the philosopher and the historian. We spoke of M. Sainte-Beuve, who, on the whole, may be called the first of living critics. He is a philosopher in so far as that he deals with ideas. He counts, weighs, measures, appraises them. But he is not a philosopher in so far as that he works with no supreme object. There results from his work no deliberate theory of life, of nature, of the universe. He is not, as the philosopher must ever be more or less, a partizan. When he pulls down, it lies in his discretion or his generosity to build up again; whereas the philosopher is for ever offering the better in exchange for the worse—that which is more true in exchange for that which is less. The philosopher's function is to compare a work with an abstract principle of truth; the critic's is to compare a work with itself, with its own concrete standard of truth. The critic deals, therefore, with parts, the philosopher with wholes. In M. Sainte-Beuve, however, it is the historian who is most generously represented. As a critic, he bears the same relation to facts that he does to ideas. As the metaphysician handles ideas with a preconceived theory, so the historian handles facts with a preconceived plan. But with this theory or this plan, the critic has nothing to do. He works on the small scale, in detail, looking neither before him, behind him, nor on either side. Like Mr. Ruskin's model young painter with his landscape, M. Sainte-Beuve covers up all history but the small square field under his eye. On this field, however, he works with pre-Raphaelite minuteness; he exhausts it. Then he shifts his window-frame, as we may call it, and begins again. The essence of the practicability of history is in a constant obedience to proportion. M. Sainte-Beuve, like a true critic, ignores proportion. The reunion of his chapters, therefore, would make no history, any more than the reunion of the young pre-Raphaelite's studies would make a picture.

M. Scherer's place among the critics of the time is very high. If M. Sainte-Beuve has earned the highest place, M. Scherer has a claim to the next. For ourselves, we prefer M. Scherer. He has not M. Sainte-Beuve's unrivalled power of reproducing the physiognomy of a particular moment as of a particular figure of the past; he cannot pick out some obscure secondary figure of the seventeenth century—some forgotten *littérateur*, some momentary king's mistress—and in twenty pages place the person before you as a complete human being, to be for ever remembered, with a distinct personality, with a character, an expression, a face, a dress, habits, eccentricities. M. Scherer, we say, has not done this. But we prefer him because his morality is positive without being obtrusive; and because, besides the distinction of beauty and ugliness, the aesthetic distinction of right and wrong, there constantly occurs in his pages the moral distinction between good and evil; because, in short, we salute in this fact that wisdom which, after having made the journey round the whole sphere of knowledge, returns at last with a melancholy joy to morality.

If we have a complaint, indeed, to make of M. Sainte-Beuve, it is that with all his experience he is not more melancholy. On great subjects, subjects of the first order, M. Scherer is as efficient as the author of the "Causeries de Lundi." He has judged his contemporaries quite as keenly: witness his article on M. Veuillot. And in the volume under notice are two papers, one on Mme. de Sévigné, the other on Mme. Roland, which are delicate with all M. Sainte-Beuve's delicacy, and eloquent with more than his eloquence. If we were tempted to set another critic above M. Scherer, that critic would be M. Taine. But on reflection we conclude that M. Taine is not pre-eminently a critic. He is alternately a philosopher and a historian. His strong point is not to discriminate shades of difference. On the contrary, he is perpetually sacrificing shades to broad lines. He is valuable for his general views, his broad retrospects, his *résumés*. He passes indeed, incidentally, very shrewd literary judgments, as when, for instance, he says of Swift's poetry that instead of creating illusions it destroys them. But he is too passionate, too partial, too eloquent. The critic is useful in repairing the inevitable small injustices committed by other writers; in going over the ground after them and restoring the perverted balance of truth. Now in Taine's "History of English Literature," which is nominally a critical work, there is in each chapter abundant room for this supplementary process of the critic proper. In the work of M. Scherer there is room but for contradiction—which is

in fact, a forcible making of room. With him, analysis has reached its furthest limits, and it is because he is more analytic than Mr. Taine—admitting, as we do, that he has not his genius—that we place him higher as a critic. Of M. Scherer's religious character we have not explicitly spoken, because we cannot speak of it properly in these limits. We can only say that in religion, as in everything else, he is a liberal; and we can pay no higher tribute to his critical worth than by adding that he has found means to unite the keenest theological penetration and the widest theological erudition with the greatest spiritual tolerance.

HESPERUS.*

MR. BROOKS has conferred a real benefit on the public by his translations from Jean Paul—by other translations also, but particularly by these; for these are much the best he has done, and they are by far the most difficult he has attempted, if we except the "Faust" of Goethe, the difficulty of which lay not in the translation, but in the versification, in the execution of which Mr. Brooks displayed an immense amount of ingenuity, with but doubtful success. To read Jean Paul in the original at all is a task; to read one of his great books through is a serious labor; to read several of them through is a toil for more than mortal strength; but to translate the most arduous of them, and to translate them well, admirably well, all but perfectly well, as Mr. Brooks does, argues something miraculous in the way of energy.

Mr. Brooks has peculiar qualifications for such a work. He is patient, assiduous, painstaking, persevering, accurate. He is not content till he has made his version as perfect as he can make it. He is a humorist, and can do justice to the comic portions of his author; he is something, though not quite enough, of a poet, and can appreciate the highly imaginative forms with which Richter clothes his thought. If he has a defect, however, it lies in a deficiency of the poetic spirit. Richter was a gorgeous prose-poet; he deals in the language of symbols; his pages are wreaths of metaphor; and though he often uses phrases that savor slightly of vulgarity, he does so saturate the paragraphs with feeling that the coarseness does not offend. The translator's eye detects the coarseness, but his mind cannot reproduce in another language the luxury of emotion; so he is apt to spoil his version by his very fidelity. Mr. Brooks does this sometimes. An instance of it occurs on page 116, and another on page 119, of the first volume. In the first case the version runs literally, "The evening blood (*abendblut*) of the sinking sun flowed into the clouds, as into the sea sinks (flows?) the blood of its giants dying in its depths. The porous cloud (*lockene Gewölke*—we should prefer the word "loose" or "scattered") did not avail to hide the heavens; it swam round about the moon, and let her pale silver glisten from amidst the slugs." The word "slugs" spoils the sentence. It is a literal version of the original (*Schlacken*) to be sure, but the word *schlacken* is not so rude a word as "slugs," and, besides, it is not the closing word of the sentence. The thought passes over it to the word *blicken*, and finds its way out into the moonlight. The second passage alluded to is Englished thus: "Overhead Luna fills the floating cloud-fleeces with liquid silver, and the soaked silver wool quivers downward, etc." "Soaked silver wool quivers downward" is a "vile phrase." In the German it is "getränkte Silberwolke zittert." Why not say, "The fleece saturated with silver radiance drops tremblingly downward?" This may seem like hyper-criticism, but it is all the criticism we have to make, unless we blame generally the eccentric literalness with which Mr. Brooks transfers the German phrase to the English. Such expressions as "rat-contradictor," "throne incumbent," "correferent," are not legitimate. "Antiquated tears" is not good. But the volumes are wonderfully well rendered into racy and varied vernacular. Richter says of himself in this very novel: "Reinhold read Kant's 'Critique' through five times before he understood it. I pledge myself to be more intelligible to him, and require to be read only half as often." In another place he says, as if in a kind of despair: "By heavens! people actually rush and leap into my work as into a passengers' room, and neither reader nor devil knows who their dogs and cats are." Very true; we doubt if anybody ever understood "Hesperus" from a single reading; and we doubt whether many have taken pains to peruse it time, times, and half a time, as its author demands.

This was one of Jean Paul's earliest works, written while he was still very poor, and trying to maintain himself and his mother by teaching—in 1794—he being then thirty-one years old. He seems to have begun it under the enthusiasm excited by the success of the "Invisible Lodge," his first serious production. In "Hesperus" he first signed his literary name, Jean Paul.

* "Hesperus. A Biography, from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The success of the book was eminent in a literary though not in a pecuniary point of view. He was paid for it but two hundred Prussian dollars. But he earned a fame outside of Germany, and the intimacy of the most famous men of letters in it. He calls it a biography. That in any intelligible sense it is not. It can hardly be called a story. The names of a few personages are conspicuous in it—Horion, Victor, Firmin, Emanuel, Matthew, Clotilde—but the personages themselves flit vaguely about like shadows in a deep red sunset, crossing one another, embracing, flitting away, magnified for a moment against the background of sky, and then dissolving in dew. They are more like disembodied spirits than like men and women. Victor is the hero; Clotilde is the heroine; but of Clotilde we get no definite conception through the book, and Victor is a grand outline, filled in with gorgeous colors, laid on in confused masses, which make him look like the promise of several fine people. But Victor does not fairly come to life as an active man. He remains to the end in the condition of an immature sentimentalist. Emanuel is an enthusiast, whose being is made up of odors and flowers—a creature of ecstasies and raptures, who scarcely seems to know whether he is in the body or out of it, imagines that he can will himself out of it whenever he pleases, and is at last made aware of the reality of things by the explosion of a powder-house. Then, "his soul, like the mourning tree of Goa, let fall by day the nightly load of blossoms; to his chilled head turned no longer the meadow side of poetry, but the light side of cold reason. He confessed that he had contemplated the earth, not from the earth, but too much from Jupiter, seen from whose observatory it must needs dwindle to a fiery spark, and that he had therefore lost the earth without getting Jupiter instead."

As a work of art "Hesperus" is a failure. Its plot is improbable; its characters undefined; their relations to one another unnatural; the thread of the story is broken and taken up a thousand times; every few pages comes an episode, an essay, a rhapsody. We have "intercalary days," "stray leaves," "extra stray leaves," "extra fly leaves," "leaflets," "poor little extra syllables," "circulating libraries," "comedies," fancy names all for his delicious ramblings into disquisition. The man is too rich in ideas and imagery to tell a straightforward tale. His invention of narrative is thin; his dialogue is scanty and poor; his observation of men and manners limited. Whoever takes up this book as a story will be disappointed; but whoever takes it up as a magnificent poem will be delighted beyond measure. The pages are studded with jewels of thought, and they sparkle in the translation as brilliantly as in the original language. There is no end of the wit, the humor, the pathos, the bloom and freshness of sentiment, the swift intuitions, the keen criticisms, the tender humanities, the noble vision of the future for man and society, the flashes of intelligence thrown upon the outward and the inward life. We began to read, pencil in hand, intending to mark for quotation such short passages as were characteristic of the author's genius; but before we had read fifty pages we had noted enough to occupy all the space covered by this article. Richter was too much a sentimentalist to be a great philosopher. He did not think his way far, but he felt his way into almost everything; he could not discuss, but he could prophesy. He could not describe, but he could glow and rhapsodize. He had no doctrines, but he was brimming over with knowledge and with truths.

Mr. Brooks thinks he sees indications that Jean Paul is to be better and better understood and appreciated among us "in this free and forming Western world." We hope he does; but we much doubt it. Our people certainly, would be vastly the better for such a flood of warm humanities as this "Hesperus" would pour down upon them, but such humanities are not so coveted that they will patiently go through an indefinite amount of particularly hard reading to come at them. They have but a minute and a glance to spare. What they read must be written in very large letters and illustrated.

Jean Paul will never be popular in America. The few will take the trouble to know him; but all who know him will love him.

THE ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA.*

THIS work, though very useful and well conceived, is marred by defects that would be serious in a book of any kind, and are doubly serious in a cyclopædia, which, whatever else it may want, ought to possess accuracy in the smallest as well as in the greatest things. It displays so much inaccuracy, and this of a kind that is unhappily only too prevalent in books intended for popular use, that we cannot help calling attention to it. By drawing the proofs of this assertion from a large number

* "The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1864." New York: Appleton & Co. 1865.

of the minor articles, we shall avoid the risk of fastening on a few contributors the blame of defects which are apparently the result of careless editing.

Of this general carelessness the title of the book itself affords us the first striking illustration. This title is "Annual Cyclopædia." So we find it on the title-page and in most of the numerous references to the earlier volumes, but not in all. In various articles we find "Annual Cyclopædia" (pages 168, 394, 591, 806). It is a harmless misprint, but characteristic. Similarly harmless misprints are "Eucador," twice, for "Ecuador," "Gautemala" for "Guatemala," and "Perfirio" for "Porfirio" (Diaz), all in one short article ("America"). More strangely incorrect is "Uruagaian" for "Uruguayan" (page 806). Errors of this kind, of course, will mislead and perplex no reader; but there are others which will, and which cannot be charitably attributed to a slight oversight only. Thus, in the article "Dembinski," which is abridged, and in great part literally copied from the "New American Cyclopædia," the Maros, one of the great rivers of Hungary, is called "Waros," and the fortress of Arad "Arad." The Bohemian or Czech nationality is miscalled "Czek" (p. 162), and the Venetian province of Treviso "Trevesa" (p. 443). The heathen satirist Lucian receives the name of the brother of Napoleon, Lucien (p. 457).

The "Annual Cyclopædia" has the laudable ambition of printing foreign words and names not in the vulgar know-nothing way in which most of the English and American publishers indulge, but as they are printed in the respective countries, with their accents and other distinctive marks. In this, having a good model, the "New American Cyclopædia," before it, it is partly successful; but the exceptions are, unfortunately, too numerous. We find "detour," "Creditt," "Liege," "Ardeche," "Pages," "Gerard," "Halevy," "Chateaubriand," etc., without the necessary accents. The name of the Hungarian traveller, Vámbéry, is printed "Vambéry" throughout the article on "Geographical Explorations." Real ignorance of the French language is evinced by connecting in "Union Chrétien" (p. 21) a feminine noun with a masculine adjective. "Credit Mobile" (p. 367) stands for "Crédit Mobilier." "Enger Reichsrath" (p. 160) is incorrect in German, the adjective being here in the comparative degree (*engere*). A grosser error is contained in the Latin title, "Novum Testamentum Hellenicæ" (p. 417). Contrary to the rule, observed in most of the articles, of giving the titles of non-English journals in italics, we find, in the article "Roman Catholic Church," the following unitalicized: "Le Temps," "La France," "Monde," "La Paix," and "Bien Public." Other exceptions are "Estafette" and "La Cronica." On the other hand, we find the title of an English journal, the "Calcutta Englishman," in italics (p. 435).

Various languages are frequently mixed up. The names of the reigning king of Bavaria are given thus: "Ludwig Otto Frederick Wilhelm," the first and the last in German, and the two middle ones in English. "Karl Theodore" (p. 593) is a similar connection. The article "Schleswig-Holstein" speaks of one German prince, "Wilhelm of Württemberg," in German, and of others, "Frederic of Augustenburg" and "Frederic Charles of Prussia," in English, by-the-by, also discarding throughout the form "Frederick," used everywhere else. The Christian names of Prince Couza, of Moldo-Wallachia, and of the Italian prime minister, General La Marmora, are given neither in their respective languages nor in that of the "Cyclopædia," but in French, "Alexandre" (p. 776) and "Alphonse" (p. 440). The traveller Munzinger receives, on one page (404), the French title "M." and the German "Herr." Gerlach (p. 727) and Zedlitz (p. 742), are each a "Baron de;" Egloffstein (p. 395) a "Baron Von" (capital V, to make it the *funnier*.)

The greatest inconsistency and inaccuracy prevail in rendering geographical names belonging to countries beyond the limits of the United States. Chili is always called so in the respective article and in "America," but "Chile" in "Peru" and in "Geographical Explorations;" the latter article has "Chilian" and "Chillean." Independent Tartary is called "Turkistan" and "Toorkistan" in "Asia" and "Turkestan" in "Geographical Explorations" and in "Telegraph." One of its provinces is "Balkh" in "Asia" and "Balk" in "Telegraph." What is, correctly, "Yeddo" in "Japan" is "Jeddo" in "Telegraph," and "Yedo" in "Asia." What is the island of "Funen" in "Denmark" is "Fühnen" in "Schleswig-Holstein." We find "Dusseldorf" for "Düsseldorf," "Mahe" for "Mahé," "Samechonitis" for "Samochonitis," "Gomush-Tépé" for "Gömüş-Tepé," "Nuremburg" for "Nürnberg," "Baki" for "Baku," "Kiew" for "Kiev," "Posnanian" for "Posen," "Eckenförde" for "Eckernförde," the French names of "Kalouga" "Soudan," and "Dahomé," for "Kalooga," "Soodan," and "Dahomey;" the German "Kamtchatka" for "Kamchatka," and both the correct and incorrect forms of "Novgorod" and "Novogorod," "Saghalien" and "Sakhalin," "Herat" and "Hérât" (repeatedly in "Geographical Explorations"), "Württemberg" and "Würtemberg," "Strasbourg" and "Strasburg," "Neumünster" and "Neu-

munster." "Lombardo-Venice" (p. 160) stands for "Lombardo-Venetia." The name of the well-known palace near St. Petersburg is distorted into "Tsarko Celu" (p. 415).

Foreign names of persons or nations are rendered with equal carelessness. We find Russian family names terminating in *f*, side by side with others terminating in *ff*, though the original sound is the same; thus: "Pashkoff," "Zriakoff," and "Tchernaeff," but also "Babkoff" and "Kisseleff." "Motschulsky" is spelled in the German way; "Bernstorff" also "Bernstorf." Ranke, the German historian, is called "Ranké;" Degérando, "Gérando;" Gen. Bosak, "Bossack." "German-Slavonic" (p. 161) stands for "Germano-Slavic;" "Rascolniki" (p. 728) for "Rascolniks." The "sect of Mohammedan purists," called "Wahabis or Wahabites" in "Geographical Explorations," are called "Wahabies," and their religion "Wahabeism" in "India."

The article "Confederate Congress" shows with what little pains some of the compilations have been executed. Although no reference whatever is made to Southern documents, newspapers, or reports, which would explain the Southern stand-point occupied in the whole narrative, the debates are told by the Northern compiler in the following way:

"Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, said that it was no harm to say that we needed troops."

"Mr. Smith had never heard that free negroes had done anything good to our cause."

"Mr. Chamblin, of Virginia, . . . was quite as willing to trust free negroes in the army as slaves, however much we might be attached to the latter class. . . . If our cause failed, this Congress would be handed down to posterity with contempt."

"Mr. Turner . . . did not believe that the United States Government would listen to any terms which we could offer."

"Mr. McMullen proceeded to urge that our Government should take some initial steps looking to bringing the war to a termination."

"Mr. Chambers confessed that desertions in our army were great, but not half so great as in the Yankee army."

In a similar way, the article "Belgium," written after an English authority, states sums in English pounds instead of in francs or dollars.

The same want of critical attention is the source of numerous errors in facts and dates. Louis Napoleon was not elected president, as the article "France" states, on "November 10," but on December 10, 1848, which caused him to be called by his partisans, as the writer ought to remember, *l'Élu du Dix Décembre*. He did not assume the imperial dignity on "December 1," but on December 2, the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz and of the *coup d'état*. The latter was not executed in 1852, as stated in the life of "Mocquard," but in 1851, as given in "France." The last-named Frenchman was in that act the confidant and adviser of no "imperial master," there being no emperor as yet. There are no 14,000,000 persons speaking Provençal in France, as asserted in the article on that empire. Totals are not to be given, as is done in the same, under statistical tables in which marks of interrogation replace numerous unknown numbers. Austria has not been a constitutional monarchy "since 1849;" the passage on that empire which makes this statement itself refutes it in the subsequent lines. Turkey is not only "an empire in Eastern Europe," but also in Asia and Africa. The ancient name of the Syr-Daria was not Jihon (p. 402), but Jaxartes. Donetz is a river, and not a place, as "from Donetz" (p. 402) implies. The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein have not been "dependencies of the crown of Denmark," but only united with it by the ties of a personal dynastic union. Russia has not yet conquered Toorkistan or subjugated Khiva and Khokand, as is asserted in "Russia," on the authority of a sensation article in the "Bombay Gazette," and literally repeated in "Asia."

The distribution and arrangement of matter shows a particular want of editorial care. Upwards of 130 pages are devoted to "Congress," 118 to "Army Operations," besides what is given under "Army," "Navy," and "Navy Operations;" the article "France" tells you over again that that country is an empire in Europe, that the name of the emperor is Napoleon III., and that the same committed a *coup d'état* in 1851; the article on "Great Britain" informs you that London is its capital, but you look in vain, in this alphabetical book on the current events of both hemispheres, for a single passage on the history or statistics of Switzerland, Portugal, Sweden, Holland, or (except in connection with "Schleswig-Holstein") Prussia, or Germany! No such article is to be found. "Poland" is referred to (p. 368), but is not given. Three articles are referred to in succession at the beginning of "Obituaries," none of which is to be found: "Rogers, G. W.," "Wayland, John," and "Tappan, B." There is a superabundance of American obituaries, but only a few European ones are given as biographies. "Literature and Literary Progress," though teeming with titles, refers exclusively to America; English publications are mentioned at the end, only in statisti-

cal figures; the productions of the French, German, or Italian press are not even alluded to.

These are some of the defects or errors of the "Annual Cyclopaedia," the list of which could easily be enlarged; but our readers will have observed that they are mainly defects of arrangement or revision, or impair only those parts of the work which are secondary in its plan. As a book of reference on the current history of the United States it has undeniable merits, which will make it a valuable addition to every private library.

THE BLADE AND THE EAR.*

THE human mind might conceive of circumstances of deplorable desolation, under which the young men for whom this book is written would be reduced to read it; but the imagination shrinks from conjecturing them, as from figuring those extreme cases of suffering in which starving men have stayed their hunger with broth made from old boots, or have cheated their thirst by chewing shreds of rope and chips of wood. It is so utterly empty of genuine inspiration, that Charles Lamb's desire to examine the bumps of the poor gentleman who asked Wordsworth if he did not think Milton was a great poet, was not more vehement than our own longing to know something of the life and personal presence of a man who, in this day, could write, print, and publish a book for young men, in order to tell them that the destinies of the country were in their hands; that they ought to be respectful and tender to their mothers and sisters; that the society of pure women was very good indeed, and the friendship of loose women very immoral and hurtful; that they should take care to cultivate their minds, and should be wise in their choice of reading; that the style of the Bible was fine, and that it would be well to read the Bible.

Mr. Muzzey smells the commonplace afar off, and has an infallible instinct for the dulness of others: when he has

"Said an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way"

of his own that it seems impossible any one else could ever have been as owlish about it, he is certain to surprise you with some quoted heaviness. He has remembered from the works and sayings of great men whatever was least fresh and valuable in their thought, and has reproduced it here with a seriousness unspeakably amusing. Perhaps we may give a fair notion of the quality of his mind when we describe him as one who sets great store by the views of the great concerning things not part of their greatness: that he values a statesman's approval of works to which the statesman could hardly have given his best thought, and prizes Byron's testimony to the beauty of virtues which he knew only by observation.

But we should be unjust to Mr. Muzzey if we did not let him speak briefly in this and other matters for himself. Concerning female influence, let us attend to his words:

"Said Napoleon the First, 'I win nothing but battles. Josephine, by her goodness, wins all hearts.' So long as he yielded to her potent sway, the lion in him was tempered by the lamb; but from the very hour he madly divorced her from his side, his fortunes began to wane; her wisdom and her love banished from him, his sun went down at noon."

This is a lesson which we should all heed. Now listen to Mr. Muzzey on the evils of society in Chili, where, as in most Latin countries, young people see very little of each other before marriage:

"And what is the effect of this course on the young men? They have little or no conversation with the young ladies; and, instead of being seen in their elevating society, may be found, if not in worse places, resorting to the tailor's shop to discuss fashions, or the public parlor or promenade to display ultra fine garments."

We know that we are very wicked in this country, and that we are growing worse; but we cannot but hope it will be long before we touch the depth of shame in which we here behold the youth of Chili plunged. All of us, certainly, are not yet given over to this childish frivolity of occupation, for Mr. Muzzey, illustrating the beauty of culture, says:

"I know a young merchant of cultivated mind, who paid a large sum from his early acquired means, for a painting by Raphael; and he is none the poorer for the sacrifice, I believe, now."

But, we doubt, much poorer for the picture if he believes it authentic; though we must agree with Mr. Muzzey in the general opinion that it is "better far to adorn your room with a fine painting or statue, than expend your superfluous earnings on lusts that inflame, and appetites that degrade, the immortal mind."

The author of this book tells us that he has written it because he was a youth once himself. *Pare impossible!* Can the man who addresses all

this pitiless rubbish to the young ever have been young? Can he recall days in which he drank eagerly and hopefully of the generous wisdom in which he tasted the freshness and vitality of immortal youth, but fled in derision from the founts that threw up dry dust and ashes instead of living waters? Mr. Muzzey is mistaken: he never was a youth himself, or he would know now that he who writes a very dull book for the guidance and moral instruction of young men, is a poor friend to virtue.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

COMPLETE WORKS OF THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK. Compiled and Edited by Lawrence Kehoe. Second Edition. 2 vols.—THE METROPOLITES; OR, KNOW THY NEIGHBOR. A Novel. By Robert St. Clair.—LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By M. E. Braddon. American News Company, New York.

DAVID WOODBURN, THE MOUNTAIN MISSIONARY. By Curris Brandon. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

THE MARTYRS AND HEROES OF ILLINOIS IN THE GREAT REBELLION. Biographical Sketches edited by James Barnett. By the Editor, Chicago.

Fine Arts.

WORKS OF ART NOW ON EXHIBITION.

I.—PICTURES.

AT Mr. Knoedler's gallery is a small picture by J. J. Tissot. This eminent painter has become known to most Americans but very recently. Photographs from several of his pictures were to be seen and for sale two years ago in New York; last fall and winter Mr. Schaus had photographs of the whole series of illustrations from Faust and of the two larger pictures, the "Prodigal Son's Departure and Return." Two other photographs from large pictures have come since. The recently published "Ballads of Brittany," by Tom Taylor, of which a few copies have reached America, contains two illustrations engraved from designs by this painter. But, so far as we are informed, only two original pictures have ever been brought to America—"Margaret at the Fountain," which was at Mr. Avery's art agency last spring, and was still in New York a week ago; and this later arrival, "Faust and Margaret in the Garden."

In all Mr. Tissot's work the most remarkable trait is its reality of conception. The common affectation of picture-making and grouping is not only absent from his pictures, it is contradicted by every line and hue. If there were to be detected any affectation at all, it would be an affectation of naturalness. The larger, more important, more elaborate the picture, the more forcibly does the painter insist, in the disposition of his figures, on off-hand and natural-looking positions and grouping. There is the same difference between the action and expression of his figures, and the action and expression of figures in such pictures as "Washington crossing the Delaware," that there is between the bearing and tone of an accomplished actor and the gesticulations and gasps of a ranter. If any student of art, longing for a compact answer to the popular laudation of the stagy and tricky in art, should wish to see or to possess a complete specimen of naturalness of conception, he is referred to "The Prodigal's Return," where nearly twenty figures in the near foreground are all at once full of astonished or impassioned expression, and many of them in violent action as well, and where all are as unlike the ordinary models, and show as little evidence of having been made up to order, as if "instantaneously" photographed from the actual scene.

In the picture before us a wooden settle occupies the very centre of the picture, and is set so as to front the spectator squarely. Faust and Margaret sit side by side, but in no conventional lovers' attitude; Gretchen is picking off the leaves of the *Sternblume*, and Faust watching the oracle; and both are as regardless of possible lookers-on as they are of the Mephistopheles whose face is just visible through a grating in the wooden screen behind.

The truest reality in art is the work of the imagination in its greatest strength. Of penetrative imagination we find not many signs in the works of M. Tissot—of creative imagination still fewer. Their singular freedom from unreal absurdity is, we think, the result of good judgment; the marvellous reality seems to us rather reasoned out than instinctively felt. In the picture before us, the way it was done is, indeed, rather too visible. Simple and true as the thought is, it is not deep and subtle, but is rather no illustration of the story at all, only a re-wording of it.

It would require a careful examination of many works of the artist to enable one to determine, with tolerable certainty, his reason for representing Margaret as so uninteresting a girl. The Gretchen of Goethe's play is beautiful, if we are to believe either her brother or Faust, and if the natural

* "The Blade and the Ear. Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. Muzzey." Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1865.

prejudice of one and the hell-draught drunk by the other make their evidence on this point valueless, we still are assured that she was noble, true, and sweet. The burgher maiden, as M. Tissot has fancied her, is certainly less intelligent and less elevated in character than we have learned to believe Valentine's sister, Faust's would-be savior, the ransomed saved one of the prison scene, the rejoicing angel of the mighty close. If we are right in believing that the realism of this and other pictures is rather reasoned out than felt, it is not surprising to see an inferior type of woman chosen for Margaret.

This picture, however, is by no means a favorable specimen of the master. To speak only of what can be seen in New York, the larger "Margaret at the Fountain" is very much more valuable and of higher rank as a work of art. And the still more elaborate and larger pictures are, almost in proportion to their magnitude, artistically better. There is something painful, as we look at the accessories, in the faultless, unsurpassable painting of the wooden settle, contrasted with the very insufficient drawing and entire ignoring of local color in the fruit trees behind. These fruit trees are a blot on the picture, which would at once be better if they were away. The blossoms and the soft, tender pale-green leaves of spring are not rightly drawn, and, indeed, are not drawn at all, only suggested or hinted at, and that in the feeblest way. It is not easy to see any signs of growth whatever in these plants, large or small, for the leaves and blossoms do not spring from the branches with any sign of belonging to them, and the branches themselves ramify in a purposeless, wavy manner, without any indication of tree growth or structure. The tall buildings of the mediæval city—among them the choir of Frankfort cathedral—which are seen above the garden wall, though they do not compare in execution with the magnificent painting of the very same kind of accessories in Baron Ley's "Minstrel," which was at Knoedler's in the spring, are interesting and picturesque. The wrought iron structure supporting the wheel of the well-rope, and making a sort of canopy for the well, is delightful, a capital design, and capably painted, in our opinion the most valuable thing in the picture. The costume is a wonder of careful painting, the drapery skilfully yet naturally arranged and elaborately studied—the pattern around Margaret's skirt is carried in and out of the folds with untiring patience and thought. The face of Faust (said, though on no authority that we can trace, to be a portrait of the artist) is admirably painted, and goes far to redeem a very ill-drawn body. The numerous faults of the picture are so mingled with its excellences as to baffle judgment of the artist's power, though the conclusion, even from this work alone, is inevitable that trees and man are not so badly drawn because the painter could do no better. We repeat, the picture is not a good specimen of the artist's work.

At the same gallery are several other pictures, each of them worthy of a more extended examination than we can give them. Riefstahl's "Sunday Afternoon in the Island of Rugen" is a delightful picture. A wide stretch of sandy barren, rolling in hillocks covered with scrubby bushes, a congregation gathered in the hollow between two hillocks, and on the slope of one of them, looking and listening to the preacher, who stands half-way up on the other; belated members of the open-air company converging to the place of meeting, and the still sea beyond. The variety of character in the weather-beaten men and women of the congregation is wonderful. It is very seldom that a picture comes to us from abroad so instructive to the unprofessional student. This is a valuable historical painting, and very nearly what we need most by way of information from abroad.

Mr. I. B. Irving's "Musical Monk" is what a number of pictures by Mr. Leutze and others pretend to be—good painting of carved cabinets and chairs, parchment-covered folios, decorated beer-mugs, chased and enamelled wine-jars, green parrots, and such worldly vanities as they. The monk himself, a very real and very rubicund Dominican, may very likely be a portrait of some old gentleman of the white frock in Bruges, or Ghent, for just such monks do yet abide in Belgium. He must be a prior or sub-abbot, at least, to have such costly surroundings. The picture is too crowded. Every possible belonging of the worldly old ecclesiastic is brought into the small canvass, and this gives the whole picture a look of the manufactured article which repels the judicious. But it is worth looking at and studying, and gives us hope of better things to come from this painter, whose name this picture first makes known to us.

Mr. Griswold's "Winter Morning" is also on exhibition at the same place. We spoke of it in reviewing the exhibition of the Academy of Design last summer. It loses nothing of its excellence on a second view.

"The Republican Court in the Time of Washington, or Mrs. Washington's Reception Day," is the title or titles of a picture by Mr. Daniel Huntington, P.N.A., which is now on exhibition in the building No. 625

Broadway. It is not, it seems, a new picture, for the engraving which is advertised, and for which subscriptions are solicited, is announced as having been "in progress of execution during the past four years."

The picture represents a large drawing-room, in which are assembled sixty-four ladies and gentlemen; an arch in the background opens into another drawing-room beyond. Each of the sixty-four figures is intended as a portrait. A pamphlet is for sale containing a numbered key to the portraits, and an account of the several personages after the fashion of a biographical dictionary. There is, therefore, no excuse for mistakes as to the meaning of the picture. Mrs. Washington stands on the left of the picture, on a platform which is raised one step above the floor, and on her right hand, also on the platform, are Mrs. Robert Morris and "Nelly Custis." President Washington is apparently about to present Miss Harriet Chew to Mrs. Washington. Behind these two persons are seen the head and shoulders of the Duke of Kent (the father of Queen Victoria), and near him the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe, king of the French). The pamphlet says, innocently, that "the Duke of Kent could not have met the Duke of Orleans in Philadelphia." Gen. Greene stands near, and the pamphlet, after calling him "one of the strong figures of the Revolution," owns that he "had died shortly before this period."

These volunteered admissions lead us to enquire what rank as a historical work this picture is entitled to; and, at the same time, relieve the enquirer from the duty of hunting up authorities as to dates and names. It seems that accuracy of historical statement was not intended at all. The rooms are not vouched for; indeed, President Washington's parlors at Philadelphia could hardly have been like these; the portraits on the walls, and the strange bust on a stranger substructure (is it a stove?), have no one to answer for them; some of the principal characters could not have been there, it seems; and there is little doubt that investigation would show that many other personages of the sixty-four are out of place in this gathering. Now, let the reader think how pleasant and instructive it would be to have as perfect a reproduction as is possible of Washington's drawing-room as it really was, or as perfect a conception as possible of what it might have been. That would be historical art. This picture, let it be confessed, does not pretend to be historical art, it pretends to be portraiture only. Says the pamphlet, "The artist's purpose was to represent in one frame the principal statesmen and belles who formed the Republican Court in Washington's second term." Very well, then, let no future advertisement of the engraving speak of it as a historical picture, for that it is not; it is a crowd of miniatures. The reader will see in print-shop windows a photographic picture which represents a crowd of heads of generals, another of statesmen, etc.; these are made by cutting out the heads of small portrait photographs, pasting them on a card, and taking a new photograph of the whole. Mr. Huntington's is, as historical art, precisely on a par with those "popular" works; as portraiture, it is necessarily of but little value as compared with them. And we must wait for our historical picture of Washington's "Court," thinking how pleasant it would be to have one. In the meantime, we think, looking at this picture and at the photographs of which we have spoken, how much better it would be to have the portraits separate, in miniatures or on cards.

When a picture is lighted by gas, it is impossible to judge of it aright as a work of color. The inference is natural that it is not intended that we should judge of it as a work of color. In the case before us the lighting is so bad—at once insufficient, flickering, and so wrongly placed that the looker cannot in any position escape a flash on some part of the canvass—that any judgment of the picture as a work of art is very difficult. A careful examination reveals to the looker who is armed with an opera-glass many curious ways of misdrawing the figure, much curious posing of people in incredible attitudes, and much gesticulation like that of the chorus at the opera. Two gentlemen are seen to be clad in dressing-gowns—Jonathan Trumbull's, at least, can be nothing else, and Charles Carroll's garment, which is faced with fur, may be a pelisse or a wrap-all. Chief-Justice Jay appears in his robe of office; Bishop White in full canonicals; the other personages are all, we believe, in evening dress, and variety is pleasant. But we must not return to the historical question—it is no matter whether Bishop White really did wear a black gown, or the Chief-Justice a red robe, to the President's receptions. Keeping to the question of the picture's merit as a work of art, we cannot doubt that the color is very bad indeed, for there is great display of bright-colored satins and velvets, with no brilliancy gained for the picture thereby. The flesh shadows, moreover, are cold and harsh. It is impossible to suspend judgment; we must believe the color bad until a daylight examination, if any be allowed, shall show it to be good.

We notice one merit in this picture, rare in American, or, indeed, in modern pictures; the architecture is really well designed. It is not faultless

in detail, but its general forms are really very good Corinthian, and graceful enough in design.

II.—SCULPTURE.

A portrait bust of the Reverend Orville Dewey, D.D., is on exhibition at Mr. Schaus' gallery. The artist is Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. The likeness seems to be excellent. It is now a year since we saw Dr. Dewey without his hat, but it is only a few weeks since we saw him in the street; moreover, the strongly-marked face is not to be easily forgotten, and the shape and setting on of the head are unusual and attract notice. Subject, then, to correction by the Doctor's family or more intimate friends, we are ready to pronounce this an exceedingly good likeness.

Expression is the delight of people who look at portraits: "just his expression" is the best praise they can give. The intimate friends of a person are acknowledged to be the best judges of portraits of him, because they are familiar with his expression. But the expression of a man in his moments of entire repose, when his face shows no sign of strong emotion of any sort, when the traces of old emotions only are there, when no one wave of thought or passion rises higher than another, this is the only expression that can be cut in marble. The absurdity of the embodiments in marble of Faith, Repentance, Resignation, and the rest, would be exceeded by the irrational attempt to give any trace of passing emotion in such a portrait as this before us. The absence, then, from this face we are considering, of any evidence of effort to represent expression, is one of the best characteristics of this very admirable bust. Expression, such as the marble can give, the enduring signs of thought and strife, are in the features and expressed by them in the quietest repose. The eloquent divine is not to be disguised by any calmness of his face; the sculptor takes the features in their most perfect repose, and in them finds the man and his past life. It is a great pleasure to us to see no tricks and no devices resorted to for effect. Form only is represented, and form is truly represented. Every one knows American statues in which the eyelids are deeply undercut, for shadow,—the pupil of the eye raised in relief, for effect,—the hair defined in threads, for exciting the popular admiration of dexterity,—the surface worked down with sand paper and pumice-stone, to get the look of flesh. It is a pleasure to see none of these things. The treatment of the hair is just what it should be, its masses shown and left in solid marble locks. The surface is as it should be, cut to its right form and filed smooth, and left so.

No better portrait in marble has been made in America, so far as we know. In the corner of Mr. Schaus' somewhat crowded little gallery it will be passed by the hundreds who do not know Doctor Dewey, nor care for portraits of people they do not know. But, rare as good portraits on canvases are, they are not more common in marble, and this one will help to give Mr. Ward a high rank among modern sculptors. We congratulate the owner, whoever he is.

THE OPERA.

THE musical season really opened with the opera, although Miss Parepa appeared a week or so in advance, in a series of concerts in which she gave the people of New York abundant proof that her European fame was by no means without foundation. Her voice is fresh, powerful, and flexible, and she executes the most brilliant *florituras* with great beauty. She has by far the finest voice off of the stage, and in many respects she is superior to any singer in Mr. Maretzek's troupe. She will be here again this winter, when we can judge her better, and when, we hope, we shall hear her in oratorio, where she gained her best reputation in England.

Mr. Maretzek has a stronger company than he has had for many years, though far better in male than in female voices. Irfre, Mazzoleni, Massimiliani, Marra, Bellini, and Antonucci, with the addition of Rovere, are enough to cast thoroughly any opera, and with such a force we ought to be indulged with a sufficiency of Meyerbeer's works, which always require an abundance of male voices. Irfre has an excellent, pure, sweet voice, resembling somewhat Brignoli's in quality, and he is a much better actor. He has a more delicate appreciation of the fine shadings of his parts than Mazzoleni, who is too vigorous and coarse. Marra, who made his *début* as *Charles V.* in "Ernani," has also a clear voice, with good range, but with a little hardness. He seemed to exert himself rather more than was necessary, and though by no means a bad actor, he had little of the prince about him. Antonucci is a powerful and vigorous basso, firmer and more decided than Susini, and with a good delivery. His manner inclines to the grave, and in a solemn, earnest part he is what we have hitherto wanted. He has little of the diabolic about him, and was rather out of place as *Mephistopheles*.

The ladies were all known to the public, except Bosisio. She made her first appearance in *Ione*, to which character she is quite well suited by her

youth and beauty. She suffered from stage-fright, and until late in the evening was unable to let her voice out, and do full justice to herself. The audience were, as usual, complacent and sympathizing, and before the singer had recovered her self-possession she found them quite ready to applaud her efforts. In the last act she showed that she had the capabilities of a fine singer and of a good actress. She has been trained, however, in a bad school, and needs some severe study yet to make her a true artist. If she were to abandon Petrella and Verdi altogether, and exercise herself awhile in the calm and more quiet style of the German or old Italian masters, she would really excel. She, nevertheless, will be a favorite here—for when did youth and beauty fail to be?—if her voice does not wear out from the too great strains it is likely to undergo.

Miss Philips returns to the stage, after too long an absence. Her voice does not seem as rich as it did once, and more than ever is to be perceived a certain straining in her singing, a difficulty, as it were, in the utterance of her voice, though when it is once out it is full and round.

The season opened with the justly popular and beautiful "Faust," followed by "Poliuto" and "Lucrezia." On Monday and Tuesday of last week two very large and enthusiastic audiences assembled to hear "Ione." It is difficult to analyze the reason of the popularity of this opera. The composer, Petrella, is almost unknown, and his writings are equally so. "Ione," however, has steadily gained in the favor of the opera public here since it was first produced two or three years ago. It is written in the popular Italian style, which follows Verdi as a master, and exhibits all of his defects and few of his merits. Melody, action, and expression are all overstrained, and there is nothing if not exaggeration. The passion is too passionate, the delirium too wild, the grief too hysterical, to admit of any quiet beauty or any great grace of melody. All is excitement. The voices are strained to their highest pitch; the accompaniment is managed so as almost to drown the voice; and the action is wilder than either. The opera, though poor in idea, contains some pleasing airs and many hurried snatches of melody. Of good ringing choruses there are none. The market chorus at the beginning of the third act is the best, but that is weak, insipid, and not particularly inspiring. There is no character to the music of the various parts. There is no special reason why one air should be sung by *Ione* rather than by *Nydia* or *Glauco*, were it transposed to suit their voices. This is particularly noticeable in the dialogues, where sometimes the music is not even phrased to suit the different performers, and where there certainly are no delicate shadings of meaning. This will answer very well for a work that is written for the music simply, and is not intended to convey the story to the ear, and where the drama is only a convenient vehicle to get the music to the audience. In such an opera there would be no need of words at all, as disconnected syllables would serve the purpose, though perhaps the audience might object. But that is not the true idea of an opera, which is the highest manifestation of music and the drama combined. As such it must bring into play every art that it can, and must show every varying emotion that is susceptible of musical treatment. But "Ione" contains one really fine air, snatches and reminiscences of which are heard throughout the opera, and there are many fine dramatic situations, which are treated sometimes with considerable skill. The story is interesting, and there are abundant opportunities for fine scenery. In this respect the management of the Academy owes some sort of an apology to the public. The appointments, the other night, were shocking. There seems to be no furniture in the Academy except one or two old tables, a few chairs, and a lounge; and these are brought out on every occasion, no matter how rich furniture is called for by the play. A few drop-scenes and some worn-out flats constitute the other appurtenances. Whatever may be the case with regard to Nineveh and Early Britain, all people have some idea how Pompeii looked, and are unwilling to look at a Gothic room and imagine it an antique saloon. A Pompeian interior is so easily represented, that there is no excuse for giving *Ione's* house in the manner it has always been given at the Academy. No one, we venture to say, except the manager, supposes that the public square of Pompeii in any wise resembled a north German town of the present century, with Gothic buildings, and red-tiled steep roofs mingled with Renaissance spires and cupolas. The costumes, too, are another cause of complaint. We cannot expect to see the chorus always well equipped from, at best, a limited treasury, but we do think we should see the principal characters wear dresses that are somewhat suited to the times they are supposed to live in. They usually wear rich enough dresses, but too often very inappropriate. The cloak that Mazzoleni wore in "Ione" is neither Greek nor Roman, and we think that no one who merely saw the stage the other night would have any very definite idea of either the time or the place of the action.

On Wednesday "Ernani" was given. It is not often that an opera is per-

formed here with such an harmonious and so creditable a cast. The performers all acted well and carefully, and sang their parts better than is usual. Apart from qualities of voice, it would be difficult to give pre-eminence to any one of the four chief characters. Zucchi did her best. She sang much more clearly and evenly than before this season. Her voice held on to the notes well, and she did not trill and quaver as much as is her wont on the sustained passages. In "Ernani involami," she was not altogether good, her voice growing hard and unmusical as it strained upon the upper notes. Her next aria, "Tutto sprezzo," she delivered with great beauty of expression, although her voice was occasionally drowned by the orchestra. Her acting throughout was very spirited and quite correct. Antonucci made a very favorable impression as *Silea*. His rendering of "Infelice, e tu credevi" was the finest thing of the whole evening. Earnest, grave, and sustained, he sang with dignity and sorrow, and did not give himself up to the temptation to undue loudness or passion. Irfe and Marra both did well, though the latter fell off somewhat toward the close. With the exception of the chorus, this opera was better acted than any previous one. The men never seem to learn that it is customary to uncover before a sovereign, and that no one but grantees of the highest rank wear hats in the presence of the Spanish king.

Verdi's music is well suited to Victor Hugo's dramas, as they have many points in common. Both are sensational and exaggerated. "Ernani" belongs to Verdi's earlier manner, when he composed almost entirely in the blood-and-thunder style, and is of his best works at that period. His faults of orchestration and accompaniment, his way of massing brass and wind instruments against violins, and playing them off against each other, are very visible here. There is, however, great power of vocalization shown, and considerable wealth of melody. It is full of brief airs, with short rhythms, which are pleasing to the public because they are vigorous and ardent. The music is better in character than Petrella's, but comes far short of perfection. "Ernani" is not as good an opera as "Trovatore," "Traviata," or "Il Ballo in Maschera," but is much less hackneyed and worn out by repetition, and so we hope that it will be given oftener this winter. If we must hear Verdi, and we are always doomed to half a season of him, let us have something that is a little fresher than what we are accustomed to. It is natural that his music should be popular, for it is suited to our unrest, as it was to Italian political excitement, and those who go to hear operas are too immersed in business and pleasure to consider whether they are getting the best kind of enjoyment, or to ask themselves if the effect of the music on them is the best, as long as they enjoy the hours while they hear it.

The music of "Il Ballo in Maschera" differs in many respects from that of Verdi's previous operas. He has endeavored to change his peculiar style for one less abrupt and violent, and more sustained and with greater variety of effect. The orchestration is of a much better quality than that which marks "Ernani" or "Il Trovatore." The wind instruments do not present the same violent contrast to the strings, and the brasses are less loud and interfere less with the sentiment of the drama. They are connected together by intermediate gradations, and tell a calmer tale. The accompaniment to "O dolcezze perdue" is an evidence of this, which is two flutes delicately combined with a harp. The trio in the second act is well conceived, where, while the soprano develops a beautiful ascending phrase, the contralto and tenor fill in the harmony, each preserving its own aim and character. Still better is the quintet in the same act, more dramatic and better carried out than even the famous quatuor in "Rigoletto." But one of the most marked signs of a changed manner is the character of the page's music, nothing like which exists in any of Verdi's previous operas. The light gracefulness of this part attracts every one, and impresses them with its freshness and beauty. While this opera shows so much progress in the right direction, and is very beautiful in parts, it is yet not successful as a whole. All the inference that can be drawn is that Verdi can write a very good melodrama, but is unable to compose a fine tragedy. The composer was exceedingly unfortunate in his libretto. The story, which is imitated and almost translated from Auber and Scribe's "Gustave," had for its subject the assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden. The opera was destined for the theatre of San Carlos at Naples, but was forbidden by the censors, and was then taken to Rome, where it appeared in the carnival of 1859. To obtain the approval of the Roman authorities, Verdi was compelled to mutilate it by changing somewhat the incidents, and transferring the scene to Boston, and the hero to some mythical governor of that city. The plot so altered makes the story so absurd that criticism on the manner in which the opera is put upon the stage is entirely out of place.

The performance last Friday was not so good as it might have been. Carozzi Zucchi did not seem to be much interested in her part, and gave it

often rather carelessly. She was not in good voice, and acted with less feeling than usual. Mazzoleni and Bellini were both hoarse, though the latter gave "O dolcezze perdue" with great tenderness of expression. By far the best feature of the evening was Bosio's singing. This young actress, though she had to contend against the vivid recollection of Miss Hinckley, did excellently. Her rendering left nothing to be desired. She was justly encored in "volta la terra," and sang "super vorreste" with a grace and abandon that won every one, and increased the extremely favorable impression that she made in *Ione*. The house was not full, and did not seem in a mood to appreciate the music. There was little applause and few *encores*. The chief singers came before the curtain at the close, apparently from habit, and without any special desire on the part of the audience.

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Losses Paid in 45 Years, - - - \$17,485,894 71

T. A. ALEXANDER, Pres't. L. J. HENDER, Sec'y.
JONA. GOODWIN, Jr., A. Sec'y.

Insurance against loss and damage by Fire, and of Inland Navigation.

NEW YORK AGENCY, 62 WALL STREET.

JAS. A. ALEXANDER, AGENT.

THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
156 AND 158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL AND ACCUMULATION, - - - \$2,500,000
LOSSES PAID, - - - \$1,000,000
DIVIDEND PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS, - - - \$750,000

From the great success of this Company they are enabled to offer superior advantages to policy-holders.

Life policies are issued, payable in annual, or in one, five, or ten annual instalments; also non-forfeiture endowment policies, payable in ten annual payments, which are paid at death, or on arriving at any particular age. Life insurance, as an investment, has no superior, as it has saved millions of dollars to the insured, and thousands of families from ruin. Dividends are paid to policy-holders, thus enabling them to continue their policies, if otherwise unable to do so.

This favorable feature has been the means of saving many policies that would have been forfeited for want of means to continue them, and, in several instances, families once wealthy have thus been saved from utter ruin.

C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary. HENRY STOKES, President.
S. N. STEBBENS, Actuary. J. S. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary.
ABRAM DU BOIS, M.D., Medical Examiner.

Marine and Fire Insurance.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,
108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, - - - \$1,000,000
Surplus, over - - - 400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice-President.
JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

55 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES
OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS,

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.

BAIRD & BRADLEY,

CHICAGO LOAN AND COLLECTION AGENCY.

Investments for a term of years made for Eastern Capitalists. Corporations and Estates amply secured by First Mortgage on Real Estate in Chicago and vicinity, with semi-annual interest payable at any point East.

Real Estate purchased, managed, and sold for Eastern parties.

Notes collected and avails promptly remitted.

FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE
ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.
CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS	\$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	\$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	\$15,965 92
NET SCRIP	198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against

DISASTER BY FIRE

At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,

pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

(75) of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue. The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

VERMILYE & CO.,

BANKERS,

44 Wall Street, N. Y.,

GOVERNMENT LOAN AGENTS,

KEEP ON HAND, FOR

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

THE ISSUES OF

7.30 TREASURY NOTES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

We BUY and SELL all classes of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES at market rates ORDERS from BANKS and BANKERS executed on favorable terms, and with dispatch.

Also, receive DEPOSITS, and ALLOW INTEREST on current balances.

VERMILYE & CO.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK,

Has for sale U. S. 7-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL - - - \$1,000,000 00
ASSETS - - - 1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.

PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - - - \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, - - - 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, 161 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, - - - - - \$200,000

JOSEPH W. WILDEY, Secretary.

WILLIAM B. DIXON, President.

The National Park Bank of New York.

CAPITAL - - - - \$2,000,000. | SURPLUS - - - - \$1,200,000.

This Bank will issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest, on favorable terms.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21, 1865.

J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

BROWN, BROTHERS & CO.,

56 WALL STREET,

Issue, in New York, Circular Credits for Travellers, available in any part of the world.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY, A.M.

THE Secretary of the Treasury caused to be published, on Monday last, an official statement of the public debt of the United States, as it stood on the 30th of September. The figures gave much satisfaction to the public, as showing not only a reduced total of indebtedness, but an inclination to curtailment in the volume of legal tender paper money. It also afforded evidence that the finances of the Government, within less than five months after the close of our great and expensive war, have become *self-supporting*—that the resources of taxation and customs are found equal to the current expenditures of the Government. No such result could have been anticipated so soon after the termination of hostilities. The previous belief was general that we could not settle up the war debt, and disband and pay off our great armies, and reduce our navy, under a total figure of three thousand millions of dollars. This, indeed, was rather a minimum estimate. The maximum predicted by the peculiar class of patriots known as croakers (both since the war, and in the midst of the terrible struggle) was not less than four thousand millions.

PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES, SEPT. 30.

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 30.
5-20s original.....	\$514,789,500	\$514,789,500
5-20s new.....	91,789,000	100,000,000
6 per cents, 1881.....	282,609,000	282,716,000
10-40s, 5 per cents.....	172,770,100	172,770,100
Old 6 per cents.....	19,339,592	19,339,592
Old 5 per cents.....	27,022,000	27,022,000
Total gold-bearing.....	\$1,108,310,192	\$1,116,658,192
7-30 per cents.....	\$830,000,000	\$830,000,000
6 per cents, compound.....	217,024,160	217,012,141
5 per cents, notes.....	33,954,230	32,954,230
6 per cent. certificates.....	85,093,000	62,809,000
6 per cent. stock to Pacific Road.....	1,258,000	1,258,000
Deposits on interest.....	107,148,713	115,883,749
Total currency-bearing.....	\$1,274,478,103	\$1,260,069,130
Greenbacks.....	\$433,160,569	\$428,160,569
Fractional.....	26,344,742	26,487,754
Requisitions.....	2,111,000	1,230,000
Total free of interest.....	\$461,616,311	\$455,868,323
Less on hand.....	*88,218,055	*88,977,230
Not free of interest.....	\$373,398,256	\$366,891,093
Debt past due.....	1,503,020	1,389,320
Total of all debts.....	\$2,757,689,571	\$2,744,947,736
Annual Interest in Gold.....	\$64,500,596	\$65,001,570
Annual interest in Currency.....	73,591,037	72,527,646
	Aug. 31.	Sept. 30.
*Currency.....	\$42,782,284	\$56,235,441
Gold and Silver.....	45,435,771	82,740,789
Total on hand.....	\$88,218,055	\$88,977,230

The publication of the above statement of the public debt was followed, on Monday afternoon, with a proposition from the Treasury Department to withdraw from circulation \$50,000,000 (fifty millions) of interest-bearing legal tender notes by an exchange for United States gold-bearing 5-20s, at

the rate of 103 percent., full interest being allowed to the 17th November on the notes so exchanged or funded. The first impression in Wall Street and on the Stock Exchange, in regard to this proposal, was that it would rather tighten the money market by tempting out of circulation and out of the legal tender reserve of the banks the fifty millions sought to be funded on such favorable terms to the holders. But, thus far, no such effect has followed, although the banks at once notified about ten millions for immediate conversion. The money market continued in the same easy and cheap condition as before until Thursday, when the rates of interest were advanced by the demands of an upward speculation in railway shares at the Stock Exchange. The brokers are now paying 6 to 7 per cent. for money lent subject to call, in place of 5 to 6 per cent. as before.

The speculation referred to has been unusually violent, accompanied with wide fluctuations in prices for several days past, but without extending to Government stocks or advancing other securities outside the regular list of railway and miscellaneous shares.

The price of gold has been advanced about 3 per cent., advantage being taken in the Gold Room of the visit of the Secretary of the Treasury to the West, and the supposed absence of discretionary authority with other officials, in the meantime, to continue the sales of gold in the open market. We doubt whether this last calculation is well based, but there is no question that the large daily receipts in gold for customs must either impose the necessity for further Government sales, or else advance the price of gold from this absorption at the Treasury. It is found that the prepayments of the November gold interest are too gradual to qualify the continued large demand to pay into the Treasury for customs, which this week amounts to \$3,500,000.

The trade of the past week has been moderately active in dry goods, and large in general merchandise and in the cotton line. The latest Liverpool advices have advanced the price of cotton to 50 to 52 cents the pound, and purchases for export are understood to be on an extensive scale. The receipts at this port the present week are 25,000 bales; the stock unsold about 125,000 bales; and the stock in the Southern ports, at last mail dates, fully 175,000 bales.

The foreign trade and customs duties, for the first quarter of the current fiscal year—July 1 to September 30, inclusive—at the port of New York, two months officially reported, and September in part estimated, show that the gold value of about *seventy-two millions* foreign goods has been marketed, and *thirty-six millions* customs duties paid upon them into the United States Treasury in gold. Estimating from the proportion of last year that New York transacts 72 per cent. of the whole import business of the country, the Government must have received *fifty millions* in gold customs for the first quarter, while the consumption of foreign goods for the same term is to the value of *one hundred millions*.

The associated banks in the New York Clearing House report as follows this week, compared with Sept. 1:

	Sept. 1.	Oct. 1.
Local capital.....	\$9,325,665	\$9,478,500
National.....	68,847,700	70,707,700
Total in Clearing House.....	\$78,382,365	\$80,186,200
Loans.....	\$211,394,370	\$221,818,640
Specie.....	14,443,827	13,643,182
Deposits.....	180,316,658	183,830,716
Legal Tender.....	57,271,730	57,665,674
Circulation.....	8,509,175	10,645,697

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The New York Central Company have closed out their 7 per cent. convertible bonds (for the Albany Bridge) at 103½ per cent.

Erie shares have fluctuated violently, in common with several of the Western roads. They have varied from 87½ up to 93 and back to 89 per cent.; New York Central from 95 to par and back to 98½; Reading, 115 to 118 and back to 116½; Michigan Southern, 69½ to 85 and back to 79; Michigan Central about same as last quoted, 115 to 117; Pittsburg, 73 to 87 and back to 81½; Rock Island, 106 to 113 and back to 110, ex 5 per cent. dividend; Hudson River, ex 4 per cent. dividend, is selling at 107½; North-west, 28½ to 31 and back to 30; North-west Preferred, 62½ to 68½ and back to 65½. Market feverish, and declining at close of the week, after great excitement in Michigan Southern and Pittsburg.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The 5-20s of both classes are now sold *ex dividend*. The value of this dividend in currency is equal to 4½ per cent. The old 5-20s are 103½ *ex div.*, as against 107½ last Saturday, before the dividend was taken off. The new 5-20s are 101½ to 102 per cent. *ex div.*, as against 106½ to 106½ on our last report before the dividend. The 6s of 1881 are 107½ to 107½; the 5s

(10-40s) 94. There is a further small decline in the 7.30 currency loans to 98½. Compound interest notes are selling at 105½ to 106 for June issue of 1864; 105 for July; 104½ to 102½, August to December.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessees have advanced to 84 to 84½; Missouri steady at 77½; North Carolinas have advanced to 85 per cent.; Virginias rather neglected again.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Cumberland Coal has advanced to 48 to 47; Quicksilver to 53 to 52; Delaware and Hudson to 151 from 145; Atlantic Mail down to 140 and back to 142.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Sales of gold during the week, 144½ to 149 to 146½; closing at 146½. Bills on London 109½ to 109½ for gold.

SEPTEMBER R. R. TRAFFIC.

North-west Road, \$930,315, against \$669,604 in September, 1864. Michigan Central, \$460,461, against \$408,444.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

It embraces among its regular or occasional contributors the following names:

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

JOHN G. WHITTIER,
SAMUEL ELIOT (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford),
PROFESSOR TORREY (Harvard),
DR. FRANCIS LIEBER,
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH (Oxford),
PROFESSOR CHILD (Harvard),
HENRY JAMES,
CHARLES E. NORTON,
JUDGE BOND (Baltimore),
EDMUND QUINCY,
PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY (Yale),
PROFESSOR D. C. GILMAN (Yale),
JUDGE DALY,
PROFESSOR DWIGHT (Columbia College),
PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS (Schenectady),
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AUGUSTE LAUGEL,
JUDGE WAYLAND,
FREDERICK LAW OLNSTED,
REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK,
REV. DR. JOS. P. THOMPSON,
REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,
REV. DR. BELLOWES,
C. J. STILLÉ,
HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,
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C. A. BRISTED,
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TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

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Also BONNET MATERIALS of all descriptions.

FRENCH FLOWERS

AND FEATHERS.

Particular attention is invited to this Stock, consisting of all choice and newly imported goods.

THE NEW SHAPES FOR FRENCH BONNETS AND HATS,

Just received per "Saxonia."

Dress Trimmings.

A fine assortment of new and choice goods, consisting of GIMPS, BALL FRINGES, CHENILLE FRINGES, GOATS HAIR FRINGE; ORNAMENTS in new designs for DRESSES and CLOAKS; SILK COMBS, BLACK GUILPURE LACES; THREAD VALENCIENNES BLANDS; NEEDLE-WORK TRIMMINGS—new goods.

ALSO,

HAIR NETS and HEAD-DRESSES, fine FRENCH COMBS, BUCKLES, BELTS, COLORED VELVET RIBBONS, RICH PARIS FANCY GOODS, FANS, etc.

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For Feeding Boilers.

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IMPROVED

LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

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WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND,
SQUARE,
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PIANOS. UPRIGHT

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first-class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

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AND

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J. BAUER & CO., Agents.**Great Improvements in Sewing Machines.****EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE!**Salesrooms, 536 Broadway, N. Y.,
250 Washington Street, Boston.

This Machine is constructed on entirely new principles of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION COMBINED.

It has a straight needle perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides, performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

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Manufacturers and Proprietors,
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OR READY SOAP-MAKER.**

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FINEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES,
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20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES.

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GARMENTS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

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WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

At the State Fairs of

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And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including

all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three

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The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING

MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

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